

# The Elks

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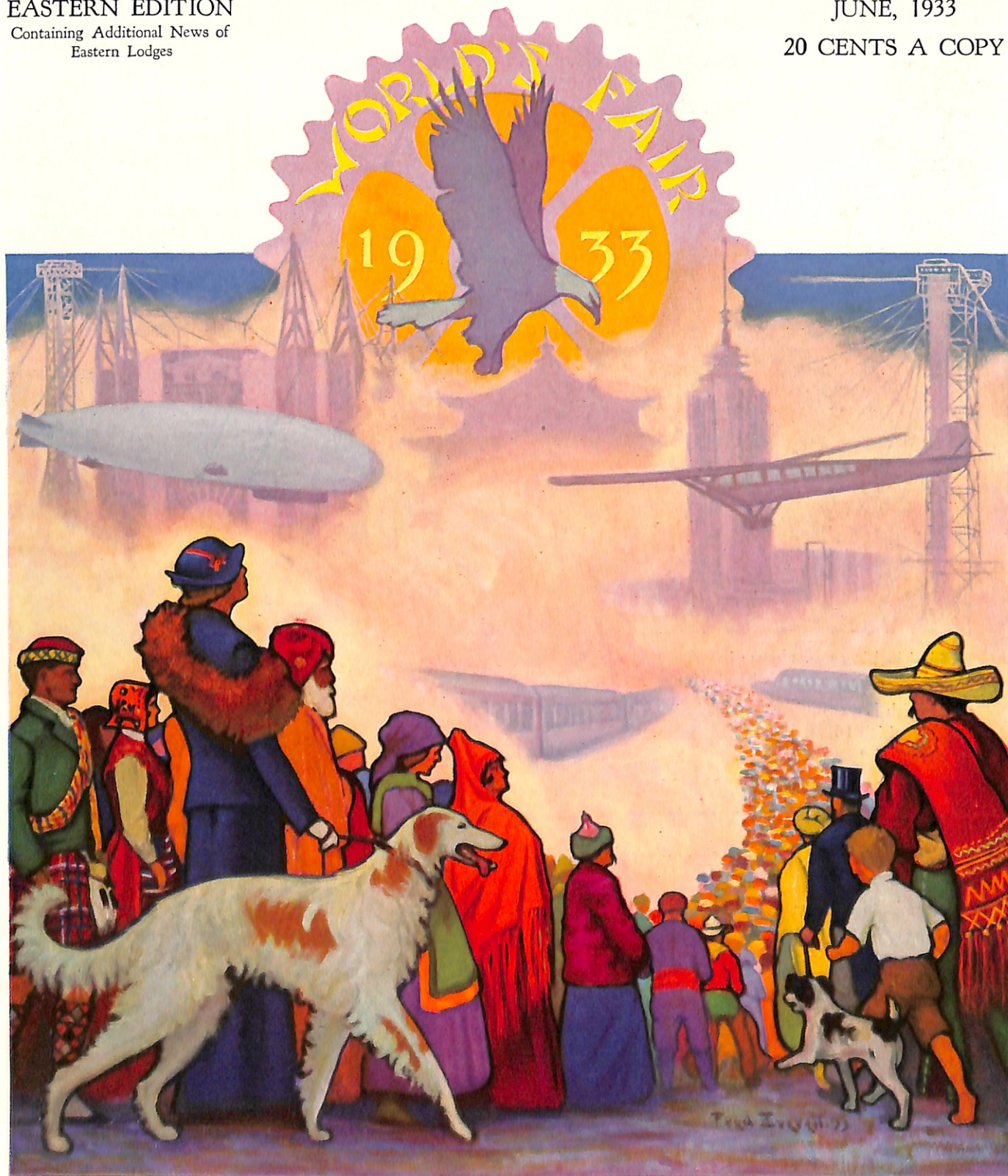
## Magazine

EASTERN EDITION

Containing Additional News of  
Eastern Lodges

JUNE, 1933

20 CENTS A COPY

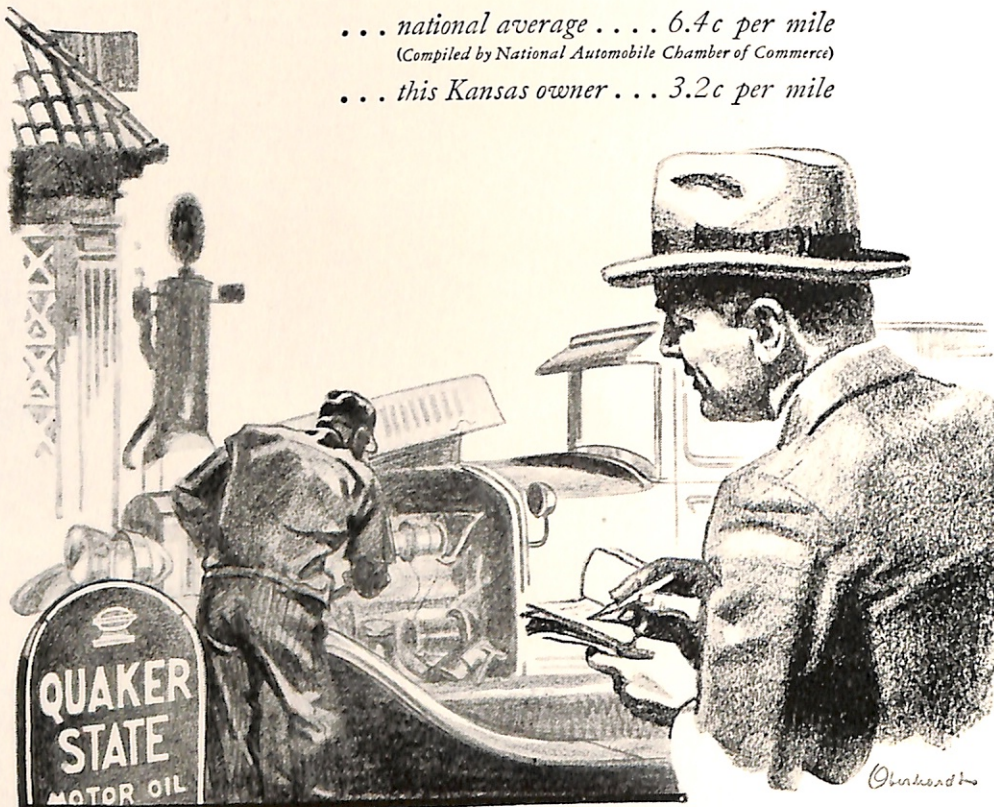


*In this Issue: Mystery — Romance — Adventure*



# WHAT DO YOU AVERAGE IN car cost?

... national average . . . . 6.4c per mile  
(Compiled by National Automobile Chamber of Commerce)  
... this Kansas owner . . . 3.2c per mile



Read this bit of bookkeeping from a Kansas driver who knows his costs:

"Herewith is a complete cost analysis on my car, which I have just traded in for a 1932 model.\*

"Time of operation, Nov. 7, 1928 to Mar. 14, 1932...3 yrs. 4 mos. 1 wk. Total miles run, 103,000.

"Purchase price . . . . . \$1,115.00

"Total operating and upkeep expense . . . . 2,512.76

"Selling price (at trade-in) . . . 300.00

"Net cost . . . . . 3,327.76

"Cost per mile at 103,000 mi. . . . 3.23c

"This car, when turned in, had the original rings and pistons. The connecting rods had never been taken up. It was in good running order when sold. Quaker State Oil was used throughout its life."

Do you, too, want to motor at rock-bottom cost? Learn the meaning of:

... that extra quart of lubrication in every gallon of Quaker State.

## THAT EXTRA QUART SAVES EXTRA REPAIRS

### .1.

#### Well-lubricated motors

Owners write us of driving cars 150,000 trouble-free miles...of cars turned in at 103,000 miles without having had any motor parts replaced. Motors lubricated with Quaker State Motor Oil seldom need repairs.

### .2.

#### Here's that extra quart

Ordinary motor oil averages one quart or more of "light-end" oil in every four. This burns up readily in high-speed, high-compression cylinders...blows away. You pay for four quarts...after a hundred miles or so, you have three.

Quaker State removes this light-end material...at the refinery. It never reaches your motor. You pay for four quarts...after a hundred miles or so you still have four. That's the extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.

### .3.

#### Longer-lived cars

Well-lubricated cars give you more mileage. Why be content with the ordinary miles-per-dollar invested? You can, with Quaker State lubrication, get better, smoother miles.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum...double-sealed at the refinery. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Price now 30c a quart except in several high-freight areas of Rocky Mountain States.



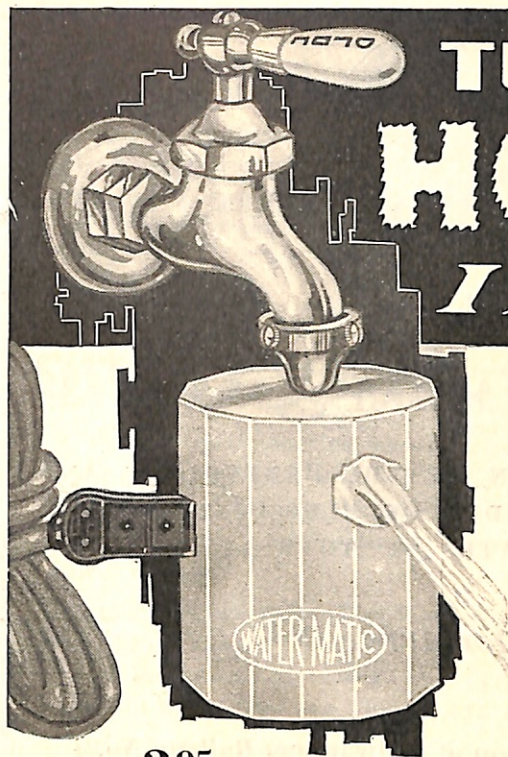
# QUAKER STATE

Motor Oils

AND SUPERFINE GREASES USED IN CARS ON THE ELK'S TOUR

\* An exact quotation from an unsolicited testimonial. R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal)





# **Turns COLD WATER INTO HOT WATER INSTANTLY!**

## **A MODERN MIRACLE!**

**A Marvel of Efficiency!**

**W**ATER-MATIC is giving satisfaction to thousands of housewives and business people. It's practically indispensable when once it is used. Just snap Water-Matic on your cold water faucet, plug into a convenient electric outlet and in 30 seconds or less you have *hot running water*. No need now to heat a whole tankful of water when only a small quantity is desired. It saves its own cost by lowering fuel bills. No need to lug pails, kettles and pans, for you have hot running water *when and as* you want it. No matter whether you use A. C. or D. C. current, Water-Matic can be used.

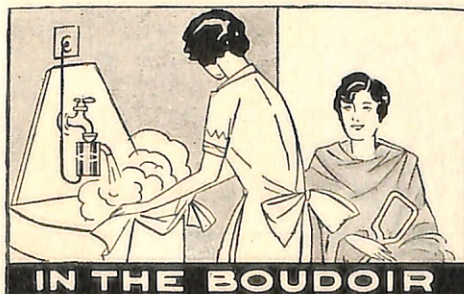
WAS  $3^{95}$   
NOW ONLY  $\$2.75$



**FOR SHAVING**



**FOR BABY'S BATH**



**IN THE BOUDOIR**



**IN THE KITCHEN**

## **Scores of Daily Uses**

This Modern Miracle is a blessing for preparing baby's bath, heating baby's bottle, or a hot water bag; washing dishes, lingerie and fragile items of apparel; for shaving; for sick room; for emergencies. *If it were never used for anything except in emergencies it would be well worth its price.* 70% of all cases of indigestion strike late at night when fires are low and no hot water is available. Have a Water-Matic handy for just such emergencies.

Every Water-Matic comes to you complete, ready for use. A 7½ foot rubber insulated cord with indestructible rubber plug is standard equipment. For those who require a longer cord, a 10½ foot cord is optional at 30 cents extra.

## **7 Exclusive Features!**

- 1—In 30 seconds or less you have running hot water at a cost of only a few cents an hour continuous running.
- 2—Attaches to faucet in 10 seconds without tools or accessories.
- 3—Handy, portable, handsome in appearance; used in either A. C. or D. C., 105-120 volt current.
- 4—You regulate temperature simply by speeding or retarding flow of water.
- 5—It stays on faucet whether you want hot or cold water. Just pull out plug at side of Heater and you have clean, cold water instantly.
- 6—Porcelain—"the perfect insulator"—is the finish which matches plumbing fixtures.
- 7—One Year Guarantee against imperfection in workmanship or materials. Lasts indefinitely if simple directions are followed.

## **Fast—Easy Sales!**

Here's the biggest Money-Maker in years; Men with no experience average \$9.60 daily. Scores of others earn from \$30 to \$40 daily from May to October. Water-Matic is a sensational **summer seller**. Fires are out for the season and hot water is not always available. Cash in on the naturally heavy demand. Our simple sales plan brings 7 sales from 10 demonstrations. It's easy. We show you how. 20 MILLION HOMES WIRED for electricity are waiting for this needed utility. Doctors, Dentists, Druggists, Garages, Stores and business places find it indispensable. Summer Camps and Cottage Colonies can be sold on sight. If you are looking for a big pay job, take this proposition while the season is still young. Make a year's salary during the next three months!

## **TO MEN WHO WANT TO INCREASE THEIR INCOME**

Modern Wizard Mfg. Co., Dept. 60  
246 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

I enclose \$2.75 for one Water-Matic ready for use. Kindly ship prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

☐ Check if you wish to sell Water-Matic.

**The WATER-MATIC for HOT WATER !!!**



## Something About This Issue

WITH this number THE ELKS MAGAZINE enters upon the twelfth year of its existence. The optimism and ebullient spirits of its salad days have yielded nothing to the old gentleman with the hour glass. They have withstood the bludgeoning of the past four years and, today, are reflected as brightly as they were in that memorable issue of June, 1922, when the Magazine made its first bow to the members of the Order and to the public at large. That its readers have appreciated this fact has been one of the major joys of its publication. Their support, their good-will and their enjoyment of it have led those concerned with its production to do all in their power to maintain its standards; to carry it on, if it is within them to do it, to greater heights of usefulness and pleasure to the Order in whose name it is published and whose members constitute not alone its readers, but its owners also.

WHEN Absalom Grimes, one May morning in 1861, felt that his honor and his standing as a Mississippi river pilot had been impugned by certain new Governmental regulations concerning the renewal of his license, the Northern cause lost a great riverman and the Confederate States acquired a recruit who was to prove a peculiarly sharp thorn in the side of their enemies. An arrogant, hot-headed youngster when he and two other pilots, one of whom was to become famous as Mark Twain, tossed their unsigned applications in the face of a pompous Federal inspector, he became one of the coolest, craftiest, most daring and perhaps the most successful of all Southern spies. His ingenuity was matched by an audacity that refused to be awed at the prospect of the gallows which would be his end were he caught, and for nearly three years he traveled up and down the Mississippi, from St. Louis, Northern-held but of Southern sympathy, to the Confederate positions down-river, carrying mail and military information. Yet great as he was as a free-lance, he was possessed also of a genius for organization. He formed and perfected a spy system with hundreds of operatives functioning as a grape-vine telegraph of inestimable value to his commanders. His story as told by Edgar Sisson is the second in a series of three which Mr. Sisson has written for us of the exploits of great spies. It begins on page 16.

AFTER months of weary travel, of heater-breaking misfortune and of sinister threats the gallant little circus of Courtney Ryley Cooper's serial "The Show Goes On," sees the bright dawn of a happier day. In the concluding installment which appears this month is as satisfactory an ending as you will find in many a long year's reading, and those friends of the little show who have followed its struggles with such eager interest in the past months are well rewarded for their sympathy.

Joseph T. Fanning  
Editor and Executive Director

Charles S. Hart  
Business Manager

Bruce McClure  
Managing Editor



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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# The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND  
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Cover Design by Fred Everett

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

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# Important Announcement

## Flag Day, June 14

**T**HROUGH the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, there will be a nation-wide broadcast of the Flag Day Services, to be held under the auspices of the Grand Lodge and the Elk Lodges of Virginia, at Monticello, Va.

This patriotic service, consisting of musical numbers, history of the Flag and an address by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and other prominent Elks, will go on the air over the National Broadcasting Company circuit on Wednesday, June 14th, at

*2:15 P.M. Eastern Standard Time (3:15 P.M. Daylight Saving Time)*

*1:15 P.M. Central Standard Time (2:15 P.M. Daylight Saving Time)*

*12:15 P.M. Rocky Mountain Time (1:15 P.M. Daylight Saving Time)*

*11:15 A.M. Pacific Coast Time (12:15 P.M. Daylight Saving Time)*

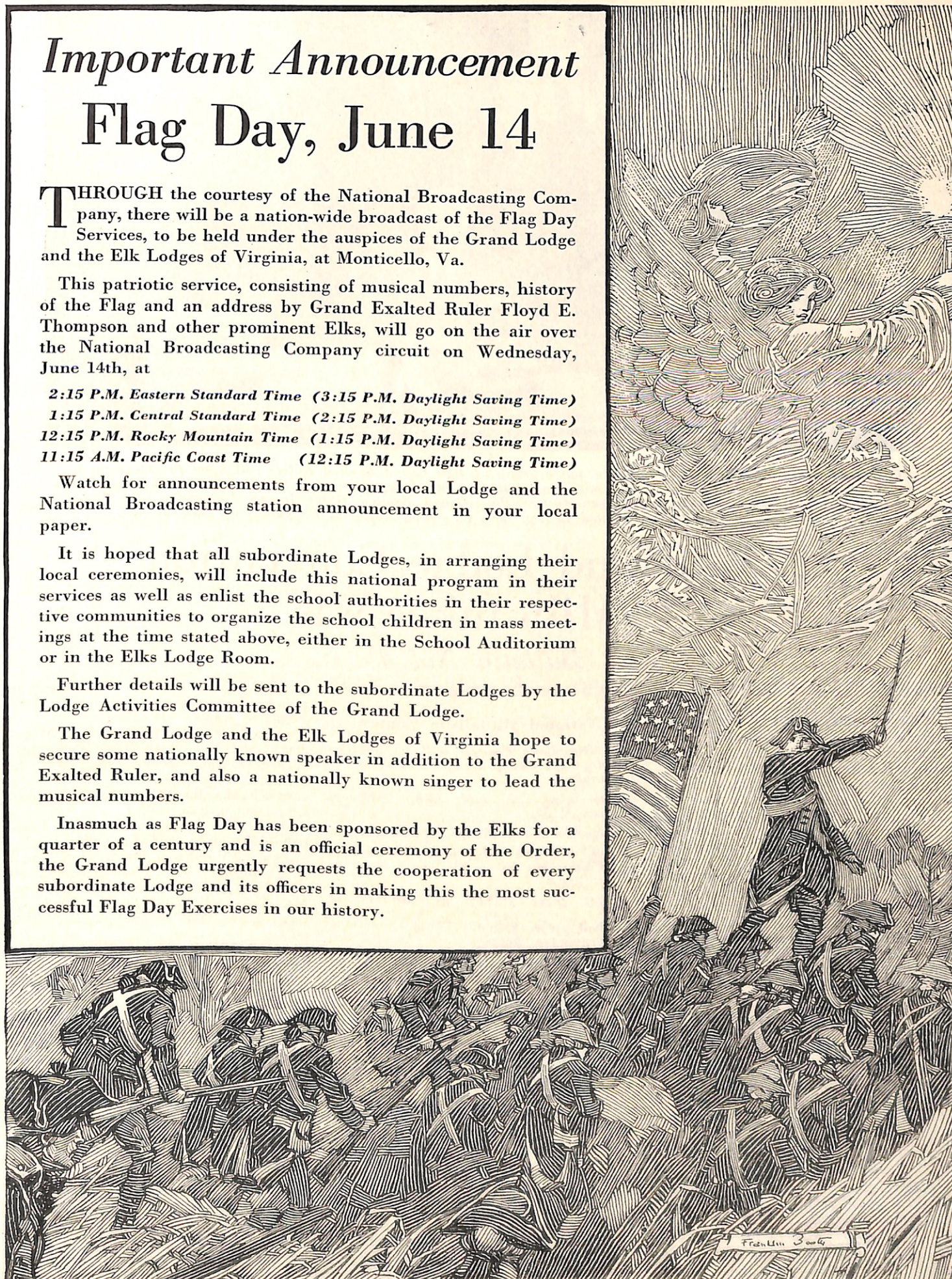
Watch for announcements from your local Lodge and the National Broadcasting station announcement in your local paper.

It is hoped that all subordinate Lodges, in arranging their local ceremonies, will include this national program in their services as well as enlist the school authorities in their respective communities to organize the school children in mass meetings at the time stated above, either in the School Auditorium or in the Elks Lodge Room.

Further details will be sent to the subordinate Lodges by the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Lodge and the Elk Lodges of Virginia hope to secure some nationally known speaker in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and also a nationally known singer to lead the musical numbers.

Inasmuch as Flag Day has been sponsored by the Elks for a quarter of a century and is an official ceremony of the Order, the Grand Lodge urgently requests the cooperation of every subordinate Lodge and its officers in making this the most successful Flag Day Exercises in our history.







Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and a group of Past Grand Exalted Rulers call upon President Roosevelt to invite him to attend the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee, in July. Standing behind the President, left to right, are Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Raymond Benjamin and Fred Harper

# 1933 Grand Lodge Convention At Milwaukee, Wis.

## Bulletin No. 4

**E**VERYTHING is ready for the Grand Lodge convention next month in Milwaukee. The dates are July 16 to 22. The big time is prepared!

Every minute, from the time of arrival in the convention city, until the time of departure, is scheduled, as the complete program, following herewith, shows.

You'll have plenty to do to just follow this program, and it's a dandy. The best kind of time awaits you. The best places to go, the most interesting sights to visit, the most entertaining and invigorating kind of recreation, the most thrilling public exhibitions, parades and spectacles for you to participate in, not to mention trips through Milwaukee's world-famous breweries, will make your visit to Milwaukee more than just convention routine—you will be enjoying an exhilarating vacation in America's Wonder City, prepared for you by Elksdom's Wonder Lodge—Milwaukee, No. 46. Here is the convention program:

### OFFICIAL PROGRAM of the

Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective  
Order of Elks, National Convention at  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
July 16—22, 1933

#### Friday—July 14th

Arrival—Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and his Official Party.

#### Saturday—July 15th

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees meeting all day—Hotel Schroeder.

### National Ritualistic Contest

*The Ritualistic Contest will be held as usual at the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee.*

Time—July 17th and 18th, 1933, at two P. M.

Place—Elks Lodge Room, Milwaukee.

Prizes—\$1,000.00 National Ritualistic Championship cup, and cash as follows:

1st prize—\$150.00 in addition to cup  
2nd prize—\$75.00  
3rd prize—\$25.00.

For further information and copy of rules, communicate with David Sholtz, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, at Tallahassee, Florida. Entries must be filed with the Chairman not later than June 15th, 1933.

7:00 P. M.—Dinner dance for the Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Grand Lodge Officers and their ladies, tendered by Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey and the Officers of Milwaukee Elks No. 46, at the Wisconsin Club. Invitation only.

Night—Public Entertainment, Juneau Park.

#### Sunday—July 16th

Morning—Divine Services at all Churches.

10:00 A. M.—Bands and Committees at railroad terminals meeting arriving delegates and guests.

12:00 Noon—Reception of Elks Magazine Good Will Auto Tour at Racine, Wisconsin, Elks Temple, and escort to Milwaukee.

2:00 P. M.—Band Concert at Milwaukee Elks Temple, Juneau Park.

3:00 P. M.—American Association Baseball—Milwaukee vs. Columbus.

4:00 P. M.—Reception to Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Grand Lodge Officers and their ladies, by Mr. Julius P. Heil at his home on Lake Drive, Whitefish Bay. Invitation only.

7:30 P. M.—Past Grand Exalted Rulers occupying local church pulpits.

8:30 P. M.—Band Concert at the Elks Temple, Juneau Park.

#### Monday—July 17th

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees meeting all day at Hotel Schroeder.

9:00 A. M.—Registration of Grand Lodge Officers, committeemen, district deputies and representatives to Grand Lodge at Schroeder Hotel Headquarters.

9:00 A. M.—Enrollment of visiting Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters at Elks Temple.

9:00 A. M.—Inauguration of Elks Fifth National Fifty-four hole Golf Tournament, eighteen holes, medal play at handicap at Milwaukee's leading Golf Clubs.

10:00 A. M.—Elks National Trap  
(Continued on page 46)



Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

*of the United States of America*



Official Circular Number Nine

*To the Officers and Members of the  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

*Elks National Memorial  
Headquarters Building,  
2750 Lake View Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill., May 4, 1933*

**M**Y BROTHERS:

My year of service as your chief executive is drawing to a close. It has been a busy year but a happy one. With few exceptions, the officers and members of subordinate Lodges have been generous in their support of my suggestions for improvement of our beloved Order. I am happy to report that Elksdom continues to be the premier American brotherhood, constant in its support of good government and prompt and generous in its ministrations to the unfortunate and the underprivileged.

### *Flag Day*

One hundred fifty-six years ago—June 14, 1777—the “Stars and Stripes” became the official flag of the American Colonies. In the years that have passed, this flag has become to the people of the United States a symbol of national unity and of human liberty, and to the oppressed of other nations a banner of hope and of opportunity.

As representatives of the thirteen original Colonies the stripes have remained fixed in number since the resolution of Congress of April 4, 1818. The forty-eight stars, beginning at the upper left corner, and reading to the right, under the same resolution represent the original thirteen States in the order of their ratification of the Constitution and the remaining thirty-five in the order of their admission to the Union—Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey in 1787, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia and New York in 1788, North Carolina in 1789, Rhode Island in 1790, Vermont in 1791, Kentucky in 1792, Tennessee in 1796, Ohio in 1803, Louisiana in 1812, Indiana in 1816, Mississippi in 1817, Illinois in 1818, Alabama in 1819, Maine in 1820, Missouri in 1821, Arkansas in 1836, Michigan in 1837, Florida and Texas in 1845, Iowa in 1846, Wisconsin in 1848, California in 1850, Minnesota in 1858, Oregon in 1859, Kansas in 1861, West Virginia in 1863, Nevada in 1864, Nebraska in 1867, Colorado in 1876, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington in 1889, Idaho and Wyoming in 1890, Utah in 1896, Oklahoma in 1907, and New Mexico and Arizona in 1912.

By Grand Lodge Statute adopted in 1908 it was made mandatory on each subordinate Lodge to observe Flag Day on June 14 in each year. Thus the Order of Elks was the first and is still the only fraternal organization which formally celebrates the Birthday of Our Flag. In these times of uncertainty, when anti-American propaganda is being spread among our unfortunate millions, it is doubly important that this historic event be made a great community festival.

I urge each subordinate Lodge to appoint a committee to enlist the cooperation of other patriotic societies and of the school teachers and children in making Flag Day in 1933 a great demonstration of the faith of our people in the United States of America and her institutions. Organize a great parade of children formed in stars representing each State in order and carrying “Old Glory,” and march them to a public park for an outdoor program of music and speaking. Exemplify the Flag Day Ritual before your people and by a display of the flags representing the different periods of the history of our country bring to their attention the great growth of our nation and its service to the world.

### *Milwaukee Reunion*

Monday, July 17, the Elks and their families will gather in Milwaukee for the 1933 Reunion. The Elks of Number 46 and the officials and the citizens of Milwaukee, aided by all Wisconsin, are planning a great program for your entertainment. Your welcome by these hospitable people will be genuine and every facility will be provided for your comfort. The sessions of the Grand Lodge will be held in the Municipal Auditorium and every Elk in good standing will be permitted to witness and hear the proceedings. The Reunion will close with a great Prosperity Parade on Thursday, and Friday the Elks will move in a body to “A Century of Progress” at Chicago. July 21 will be Elks’ Day at this 1933 World’s Fair and a special program appropriate to the occasion will be provided. Plan now to spend your vacation in Milwaukee and Chicago at these great events.

In this, my last official communication, may I express the hope that the new officers will enter upon their duties with enthusiasm, that the Exalted Rulers will promptly appoint all committees, that the members will cooperate with their officers to make their Lodges effective agencies for good, and that you will all give my successor the same loyal support you have given me.

With a heart full of gratitude and with a new pride in our great American brotherhood, I beg to remain

Your obedient servant,

*Howard E. Thompson*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.



JUNE  
1933

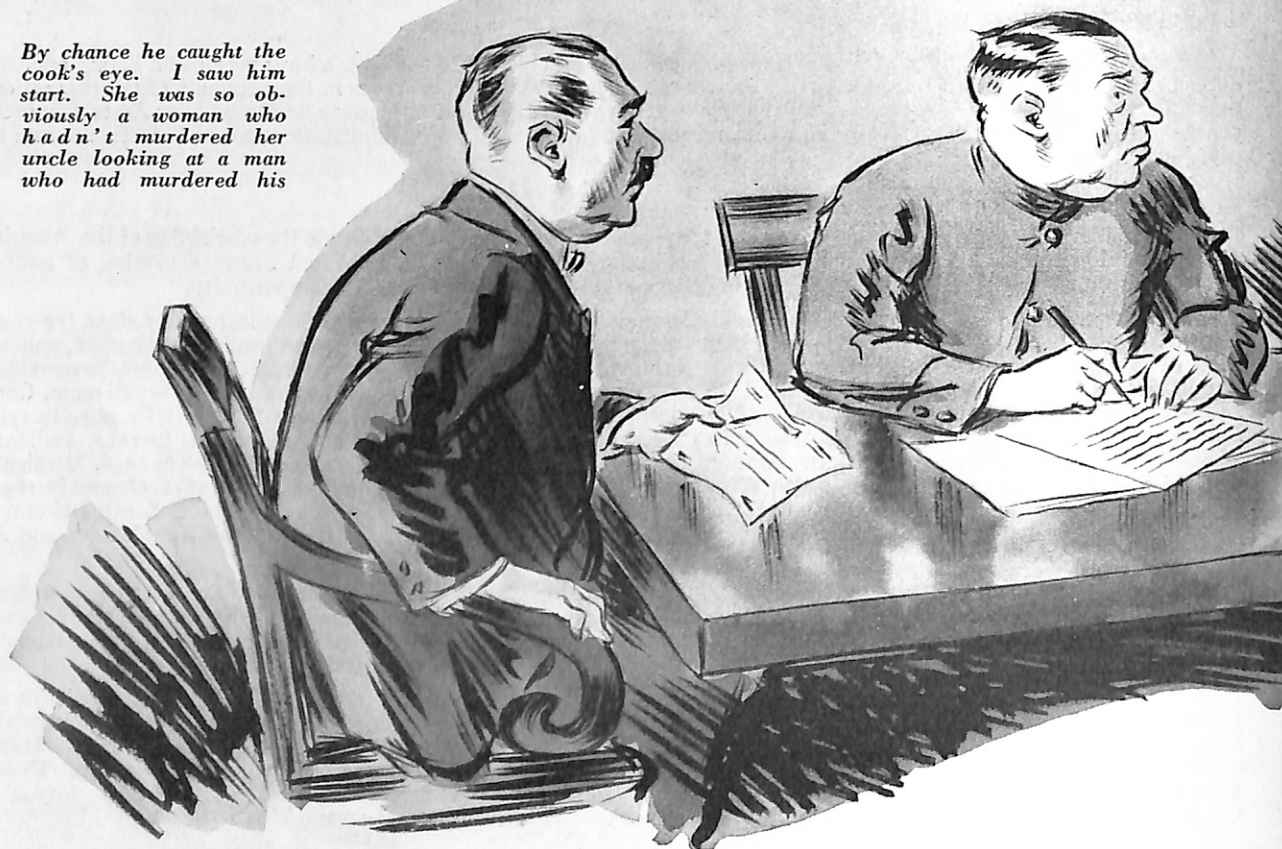
*The Elks Magazine*

# Inquest

By Loel Yeo

*Illustrated by Eugene McNerney*

*By chance he caught the cook's eye. I saw him start. She was so obviously a woman who hadn't murdered her uncle looking at a man who had murdered his*



MEMORY is an odd thing. I can always remember to perfection a mass of unimportant details. So many men stretched end on end would encircle the earth, the exact number is 23,549,115. Thirty and a quarter square yards equal one square rod, pole, or perch. These things and many more I never forget. Yet on the occasional days I can snatch to go up to London (and I, being a country doctor, they are rare enough), I never fail to leave my shopping list behind. It is only as the train pulls out of London that I remember the instruments I meant to buy.

I overtook the Stanton express as it was grumbling out of the station, and flung myself on to somebody's lap. My apologies were accepted. He was elderly and inconspicuous and neat, and I knew I had seen him before, but though I still knew rice, sago and pepper to be the chief exports of North Borneo, I couldn't remember where we had met.

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People who live the same sort of lives grow to look alike. Thirty years of the same office, the same suburb, the same daily papers, and they end with the same face. Thin and a little anemic. Eyes the faded blue of much-washed laundry. In summer and winter always a raincoat and an evening paper.

It was a chilly, foggy evening, the typical raw January day which the inconsequence of the English climate always produces in the middle of October; the window-panes were streaming with the heat of the compartment, and I lay back recovering my breath, wondering where I had seen the man opposite me before. A high white collar held his head erect. He sat upright on the edge of the seat.

Suddenly he coughed. It was more of a mannerism than a cough; you felt it did his throat no good at all. And I remembered that we had last met on the afternoon of the coroner's inquest two years ago at Langley Abbey.

As one noticed little things in the midst of great excitement during the occasional silences in the dining-room on that day, I remembered watching the shadow of the elms stretch themselves across the lawn, hearing the cawing of the rooks, and in the room the creaking of the constable's boots and the dry little cough of the solicitor's clerk who gave his unimportant but necessary evidence clearly and concisely.

The only thing about Langley that suggests an Abbey is the stained-glass window of the bathroom, otherwise it is just one of those solid square Georgian houses. Its gardens and park are lovely. I was practically brought up there with the Neville boys, so I know the place backwards. When they were both killed in 1917 old Sir Guy Neville sold it as it stood to John Hentish.

It's funny how the character of a place changes with its owner. Under the Nevilles, Langley had been a friendly house.





The park gates stood open and so did the doors and windows of the house itself, muslin curtains swinging gaily in the breeze. There were village fêtes in the park, and the Abbey was part of the life and conversation all the villages round.

With John Hentish there came a change. Sir Guy was asked to inform the county that the future tenants disliked society, and hoped people would not give themselves the trouble of calling. The park gates were shut and stayed shut. The windows were tightly closed and the muslin curtains hung straight and lifeless behind them. The house developed a thin-lipped, austere look. The only people who gave themselves the trouble of calling were the postman and the tradesmen. And gradually Langley Abbey dropped out of the minds and conversation of the county.

As for me, the house that had been so much a part of my life having shut me out, for ten years as I drove over to Mad-denly to prescribe for Miss Taunton's varicose veins or dose Master Willie Twinger, I averted my eyes from the park

gate as one would passing a friendly dog whose temper has become changed and uncertain. And then one afternoon four years ago I found a message in my consulting room asking me to go up to the Abbey at once.

After that I went there regularly, at least three times a week. Practically the whole house, I found, presumably through lack of interest, had been left exactly as it was bought from the Nevilles. The hall was large and ran the width of the house, that is French windows opening on to the lawn faced the front door. The floor had a higher polish than I remembered and there were fewer lights. The furniture was ugly but solid, mostly Victorian. Two long tables, an oak chest, some stiff chairs, and a Burmese gong. There were several pairs of antlers on the walls, some lithographs of the early Christian martyrs, Saint Sebastian looking extraordinarily fit

and cheerful with about forty arrows through his body, a twenty-pound trout Sir Guy had caught in Scotland, and one fairly good tapestry.

Old Hentish had converted what had been Lady Neville's morning-room into a bedroom and bathroom. Off the bedroom, what had been known as the drawing-room had been made into a very beautiful library. Both rooms were large, with high ceilings, and had French windows opening on to the lawn. He lived almost entirely in this suite and seldom left it.

Hentish, though he had faith in me as a doctor, disliked me as he consistently disliked everyone. He was, without exception, the most unpleasant, disagreeable old swine I have ever met. Practically the only pleasure I ever received in his company was derived from jabbing the needle into his arm. He soon exhausted the supply of London nurses, and finally I



persuaded Miss Mavey from Maddenly Village to take the post, she having nursed an invalid mother for fifteen years who could have given even old Hentish points for unpleasantness. No man, of course, could live long in John Hentish's condition, for besides heart trouble, he had advanced cirrhosis of the liver, but because death frightened him he listened to me, and so with electrical treatments, diet and drugs, his general health improved.

Some women are eerie. Miss Taunton has been bedridden for years, yet she's one of those women whose cousin always knew the murdered man's aunt. This time her sister-in-law's maid's niece had married the son of the overseer of the Hentish Paper Mills in Ontario. Like all women, Miss Taunton had a profound contempt for detailed accuracy, but fundamentally her facts are always correct. Hentish, apparently, during the first forty years of his life, had spent seven separate fortunes; the figures are Miss Taunton's. He had been the most dissolute man in London, also in Buenos Aires, where the standard is higher and competition keener. He was hard, grasping, and avid for power; there wasn't a man in his paper mills or his gold mine that wouldn't be glad to see him boiled in oil. "And that," said Miss Taunton, impressively, "I got from the lips of his own overseer."

Miss Taunton's attitude to God is rather that of a proud aunt; she sees all the motives so clearly, and is often a jump ahead of the game. When John Hentish's health failed, her attitude was that of one whose advice had been taken, for she was a firm believer in the wages of sin. Her own varicose veins she knew had been sent to test her—take the well-known case of Job—she took them rather as a compliment than otherwise, applauded God's attempt at impartiality, and forgave him frequently.

I NEVER knew whether old Hentish had any affection for his nephew or not. William was his heir and they quarreled, of course—over money among other things—but I think more than disapproval he enjoyed the sense of power it gave him to see his nephew flush as he threatened to stop his allowance, which was a generous one. William's specialties were women and horses. I suppose he was good-looking in a dark, sinister sort of way; he had inherited all his uncle's unpleasantness and developed it with some ideas of his own. He used to motor down to Langley occasionally for two or three days at a time.

So life drifted on placidly and uneventfully. Sometimes after I had seen old Hentish I used to wander down to the boathouse, for the lawn sloped down to a lake fringed with red willow, and I would sit there thinking out beautiful unappetizing diets for the old man. Then one afternoon my telephone rang. It was Miss Mavey.

"Dr. Mellan? Oh, Dr. Mellan, will you please come down at once. Mr. Hentish is dead!"

John Hentish had died from an overdose of morphia taken in a glass of sal volatile. The inquest was held that same evening in the Abbey dining-room. Mr. Duffy, the coroner, sat with Police-constable Perker at the table, the rest of the household at the

end of the room. Mr. Duffy blew his nose, and the menthol on his handkerchief mingled with the smell of leather and pickles. He turned a watery eye on Croucher, the butler.

"Is everybody here?"

"Everyone with the exception of Mr. William Hentish, sir. He has not yet returned home."

"Thank you. Call Dr. Mellan."

MY TESTIMONY did not take long. History of John Hentish's illness, cause of death, etc. Miss Mavey was called next, and under the impression that she was on trial for her life, opened with a magnificent defence, giving seven distinct alibis for the afternoon.

"You say," the coroner asked her, "that the morphia with which you sometimes had occasion to inject the deceased in order to relieve intense pain was kept on the top shelf of a medicine cupboard clearly labelled 'morphia'?"

"I do," said Miss Mavey, looking like the Trial of Mary Dugan. "Anyone else will say the same."

"The cupboard has a glass door, I understand. The sal volatile and a glass were placed on a small table beneath the cupboard containing the morphia. Is that correct, Miss Mavey?"

Miss Mavey paled, knowing that all she said would be used in evidence against her.

"In a sense, yes."

"In a sense?"

"A spoon was also kept on the table," said Miss Mavey, determined to conceal nothing.

"This medicine, the sal volatile, did the deceased take it at regular hours?"

Miss Mavey turned this over. A trap?

"No, sir, only to relieve the pain if it came on sudden," she said, guardedly.

"When Dr. Mellan gave his opinion that death was not due to natural causes, but to an overdose of morphia, you looked in the bathroom. You found the phial, which when you went off duty was in the cupboard and had contained twenty grains of morphia, lying empty on the table beside the sal volatile. Is that correct?"

"Dr. Mellan asked me to look when he saw that the morphia had been put in the

glass of sal volatile. I touched nothing, I swear it before Almighty God."

"Was Mr. Hentish in the habit of helping himself to the sal volatile?"

"Yes, sir, if there was no one in the room to get it for him."

"Miss Mavey, are you of the same opinion as Dr. Mellan that the morphia could not have been taken accidentally?"

"No."

"No! Then you think it could have been taken accidentally?"

"Yes. I mean yes I'm of the opinion that no it couldn't have been taken accidentally."

"That is all. Thank you."

Miss Mavey, still under the shadow of the scaffold, gave a shuddering sigh, and borrowing the coroner's menthol, sank on to a chair, inhaling deeply.

Croucher, the butler, was questioned next.

"You say," said the coroner, "that on receipt of the telegram this morning, Mr. Hentish showed signs of anger?"

"Distinctly, sir."

"What then?"

"He asked if Mr. William was in."

"Was he?"

"No, sir, he had left in his car at 9.30."

"What then?"

"He told me to go to hell, sir, and take his blasted nephew with me, sir, but before I went to get Troubridge and Hay on the telephone."

"His solicitor?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Then what?"

"He rang and gave me instructions for the car to meet the 1.45 train. His solicitors were sending down a member of the firm."

"On arrival he was shown straight into the library, I understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"What then?"

"After about fifteen minutes the library bell rang and Mr. Hentish asked me to witness his signature to a new will."

"After you had signed the will, anything else?"

"The usual instructions to go to hell, sir."

"Then I understand the house was quiet until 4.30?"

(Continued on page 36)







# The Show Goes On

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

## Part VI

THERE was no answer for a moment. Calvert repeated:

"You say there's been a rich gold strike at Tombstone Peak. Well? Don't you know who found that gold?"

The old man thought a long time. At last he said:

"Seems to me his name's Ortie Whipple."

The information shot through the circus like a shock of electricity. Connie rode forward, personally to confirm the news. Ettabelle, shaking like a dish of jelly, jumped out of a buggy, sprawled, picked herself up, ran forward, grabbed the old man and gasped for him to say it again.

"Ortie's struck it rich!" she panted. "Ortie's struck it rich. I'm a million-airress."

Calvert gave an excited command to go on. All in an instant, the whole attitude of the circus had changed. The fever of gold had struck everyone—as though they were actually about to share in it. Connie rode to the equestrian's side.

"Bob!" she exclaimed. "We'll charge two dollars admission. That's what every show does in a new mining camp. Isn't it?"

"Sometimes they get five," the rider answered.

Then he pulled Duke to one side, as the

excited Ettabelle, her buggy almost capsize, swung past them at a stretch of boulders, and joggled to the road again.

They turned off the main road, to the narrow twisting affair which led to Tombstone Peak. But even here, progress was hastened. Onward they went, faster than they had traveled in months, yet with distance constantly mocking them. At last, Connie and Bob Calvert, unable longer to stand the strain, touched their horses into a lope and hurried ahead of the show.

The road was ascending now to a plateau rising slowly to a dozen gulches. They could see little groups of men on far-away hills. On they went, finally to pull up short. Here was Ettabelle, in her buggy, on the back trail. She was crying.

"I can't find Ortie!" she blurted. "Nobody's seen him."

"Oh, he's there somewhere," Calvert insisted. "Turn that buggy round and come along."

Tearfully, Ettabelle obeyed. They moved steadily upward, at last to round through a patch of jack pine into full view of the new bonanza.

Miners were everywhere. Some were lugging armfuls of sapling timber down from higher hills to support sluices. Others were putting up tents. Men gouged at rock outcroppings with prospector's picks

—still others ran about aimlessly, and as if to no purpose at all, suddenly heading for the hills.

There were teams and wagons. Hammers sounded at the beginnings of a little city. Already, a street had been blocked off: a portable sawmill, run by a long-stacked engine, was gouging out planking. Men and horses snaked timber out of the hills—a dozen cabins were going up. Calvert called to "Grandma" Sours.

"Go find Ortie's claim. He'll be there."

Then forgetting all else for the moment, as the first wagon came up the hill, he gave the order to set up the circus.

Two bearded men arose from the creek and came forward. Both were armed.

"You'll have to get off of here!" one of them said.

"But we just want to pitch our tents," Calvert argued. "This is a circus."

"Don't give a damn if it's the End of the World. This here's a boom camp. Gold's liable to be anywhere. You can't pitch no tents where we're liable to want to prospect." Then patiently he explained to Connie. "Lady, this ain't like the usual place. These ain't just claims—they're all options."

Connie pressed her lips at that.

"What we want is a circus grounds."

"I don't know where you'll get one, Lady," the second miner said, taking off



his rumpled hat for a thoughtful scratch at matted hair. "Everything's the same here. We've paid options on this ground. We can't have nobody campin' on it—right where we might find gold."

"Who's the owner?" asked Calvert.

"Fellow named Ortie Whipple."

"Is he here? Where can we find him?"

"Now, Partner," said the first miner with a grin, "that's a mighty hard thing to say. A man with a gold mine that runs \$20,000 to the ton—he's liable to be most anywhere. Mostly he's liable to be in Leadville, entertainin'."

A wail came from behind them. It was Ettabelle.

"I don't believe it!" she whimpered. "My Ortie would be right here."

"You got an awful good chance o' findin' him, then, Lady. Just look around."

Calvert turned to Connie.

"WE'VE got to look for Ortie. Send Papa Stratton and some of the boys. I'll see if I can't get a show lot from some of these people."

He rode away. An hour later, he came back, smiling ruefully. Nobody wanted a circus and few persons even had time to talk to him. The richest strike in Colorado's history had made men eager—and taciturn.

"Everybody seems to think they're going to find a million the next minute," the rider explained. "I suppose some of them will. There's mineralized country all around here." Then, "Has anybody found Ortie?"

Nobody had. Two more hours went by, in useless search for a showgrounds. Finally, late in the afternoon, the despondent show pulled down the hill again and to a level spot at the foot of the plateau. There was little haste in setting up—this was nearly a mile from camp.

But set up they did, resolutely making ready for a night's performance. Men would be through work by then; they might feel like taking a little walk and looking at the show. But with the swift fall of mountainous dusk, lights and campfires began to gleam in a hundred spots around the hills, and along the creeks. And few persons drifted down the hill to see the circus, in spite of fevered announcements.

The seats were only spotted, here and there a dim figure showing in the light of the star burners. Bob Calvert stood at the front door, awaiting customers who did not appear.

"Do you think we'd better start and get it over with?" Connie called from the ticket wagon.

"Might as well," the man answered. He started within, only to halt. A low voice had come to him from beside the sidewall.

"Hey, Bob—Bob! Come out here in the dark."

It was Ortie Whipple's voice. Calvert leaped over the guard ropes and swung around the side of the tent.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

The man clutched him miserably.

"Oh, everything's wrong," he moaned. "You've got to hide me and get me out of here; they'll lynch me if you don't. I've been hiding in the hills all day, looking for you."

"I thought you were a millionaire," the equestrian gasped.

*Slowly Flatiron Keats staggered forward . . . with a weak pull at his shoulders he faced Calvert. "I guess this cleans us up," he said flatly.*

"I'm just a poor man in a hell of a fix," Ortie answered. He teetered a bit; Calvert caught the odor of whisky. "I never meant to do it," the man said. "I'd be glad to give 'em back all their money—only they'd kill me if I opened my mouth."

"Then you haven't found gold?"

"I salted the mine," Ortie confessed weakly. "Oh, I never meant things to turn out this way. The nearer I got to Tombstone, the more I got to thinking how wonderful it would be if the circus could show here. And people come and see what a wonderful place it was. Then I got to thinking there'd be one way to make 'em come and that would be to look at my mine, if I had something to show them. Well, one thought led to another. I seen a shotgun in a window in Leadville and I went in and bought it. You see, I'd been thinking. Then you remember that watch-chain I wore? Well, I cut those nuggets into little shavings and took the shot out of a shotgun shell, and put the little pieces of gold in it. It made three light cartridge loads. So I went in my mine and banged away at the face of the drift—picking up all the wadding and everything, you know, so nobody's see it'd been shot. It splattered gold everywhere. Then I took some samples into town."

"And everybody ran out here."

"No," said Ortie. "I got drunk. That's the trouble. I got drunk. Then I got to thinking that you never could tell, my mine might be that rich—just a few sticks of powder and it might be the richest mine in the world. The drunker I got, the more I thought it. Finally I got to buying drinks and shouting all over town that I'd made the biggest strike in history. Well, everybody knew I had all that ground patented."

"Then, the first thing I knew, I was beginning to take in money. Options. I led a gang out here and let them chip off samples from my vein. Everybody went crazy. I've got \$80,000 in my pockets. Honest I have, Bob. They'll kill me if they knew how I got it. We'd better get out of here."

"We can't do that," Calvert answered seriously. "They'll know something's up. We'll have to hide you and then tomorrow I'll try to find a way to get that money back to them without a riot. It'll be hard to settle the matter just by telling folks it's all been a joke."

He turned. Connie was calling for him.

"I'll be right there," the rider answered.



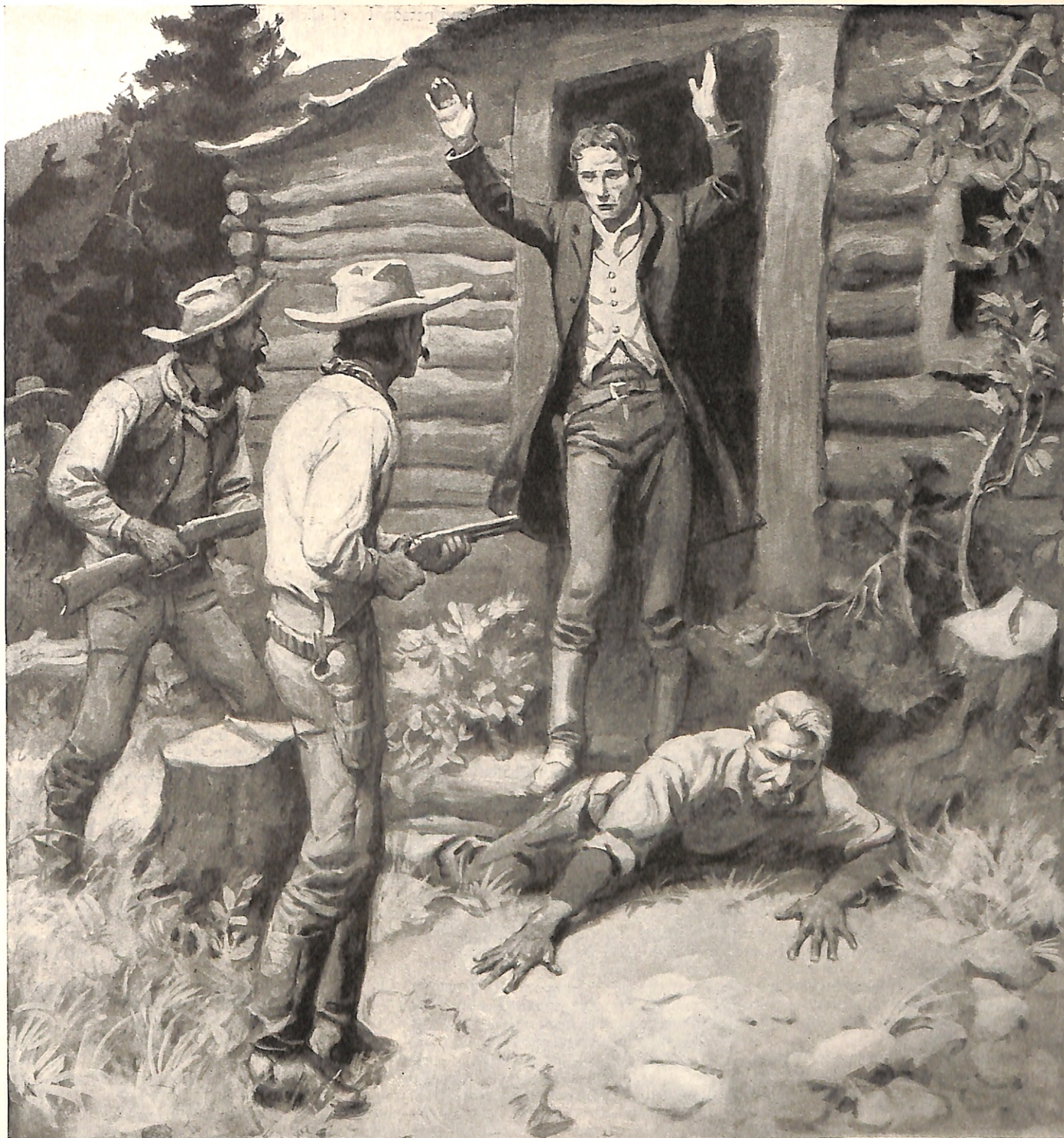
"Start the show." Swiftly then, he bent to Ortie. "Come on. I've got an idea."

## CHAPTER XXI

THEY hurried away. Ten minutes later, with secrecy everywhere and his face smeared with white, Ortie Whipple sat trembling in a clown suit while "Grandma" Sours began the final touches. Then a weary wait, and Ortie went into the ring.

"Don't lose your aim!" he begged as he took his old stand before the board. Lalita, the Knife Thrower, gave a heavy sigh. She raised a shaking hand only to drop it, lifelessly. Loud noises had come from outside the tent. There was shouting





and beating on tip pans. Then a revolver sounded. A dozen other booming reports joined it. On a run Calvert started for the front door, and with a sweep of his arm, sent Connie back to herd the women in safety—already Ettabelle was waddling toward the back door.

Suddenly the rider leaped to one side. He had almost tripped over Ortie Whipple, who had sunk impotently to the ground. He could only roll his eyes.

"Get out of here!" Calvert shouted. "Hurry!"

Ortie Whipple stared.

"It won't do no good to run now," he gasped. "I'm done for."

But he ran, nevertheless.

The mob was at the front door now, arguing with the watchman. Rounding out of the tent, Calvert unchained Queen Bess. He swung the bull around, and halted.

The shooting had ceased. Calvert saw the watchman appear on the shoulders of three miners, each of them trying to feed him simultaneously from a trio of whisky bottles. Calvert lost his scowl and grinned joyously.

"So somebody's struck it rich, eh?" he queried.

"Damned if we ain't!" announced a miner. He twirled a broom like a baton. "Nicest vein of quartz you ever seen. Free gold stickin' out all over it!"

Bob Calvert resisted a wild desire to shout. Instead he announced:

"Boys, the show's yours. Only don't shoot. It scares the elephant."

"Lead off with her, Partner!" a dozen voices answered. "All we'll do is yell a little."

The rider raised his bull hook in signal. Queen Bess swung on close-bunched feet and followed. Behind him, roaring, singing, shouting and banging on tip pans, came a hundred men. Whisky bottles waved in the air.

They paraded to empty seats. Those who had been watching the show had clambered down to join the procession. This was something worth while. Every man in that parade knew that tomorrow



he would find a richer and better vein. For the moment, at least, he was a millionaire.

They reached the back door. Calvert caught sight of Connie's face—a study in perplexity.

"Get Ortie!" he shouted. "And join in, everybody! They've struck it rich!"

Ortie came on the run—but not of his own volition. Still unconvinced of anything except that lynching awaited him, the great promoter of Tombstone's mining rush lagged weakly in the grasp of Papa Stratton and "Grandma" Sours, carrying him basket fashion between them. The clown white, badly smeared, was still on his face, and the clown suit on his quivering body. A roar went up from the crowd. A toss and the two performers shoved him over to waiting miners, like a sack of meal. Then Ortie realized that these were cheering, happy men. Calvert yelled to him that it was a celebration—the man with a broom had struck it rich. Then Ortie came to life.

It was a silly procession, an effort at expression by persons too excited to think of anything else; its counterpart had happened to a hundred other boom camps when gold had made its finders temporarily bereft of anything except the powers of movement and vocalization. Then the raucous voice of one of the discoverers raised itself sufficiently for attention:

"Boys! Now about a show! Hey, you, what'll a performance cost?"

Ortie jack-knifed upward, while his supporters struggled valiantly to hold him steady.

"Cost hell!" he shouted. "It won't cost you nothing. I own this show—" here he made frantic motions at Connie and Calvert—"name your pizen, Gents!"

It resulted in tremendous excitement. The parade broke up. Ortie ran wildly after Calvert, poking him in the ribs with a heavy roll of bills.

"Give it to Connie," the equestrian laughed. He noticed that there was a queer jerk in his voice; excitement had strangely contracted his throat muscles. Ortie ran on. Calvert hurrying to the dressing tent to put on his makeup, saw the clown-promoter stop gorgeously before the chattering Ettabelle and proclaim:

"It wouldn't be quite dignified for me to stand for no knife throwin' stunt. I'll just sit with the boys and sort of explain things."

It was late now. That made little difference. The show started all over again with an enthusiasm which exceeded even that of North Platte. Act after act came on, to the bellowing of joy from the seats,

the passing of whisky bottles and personal exhortations to the performers.

Ortie was really rich now. It made no difference hereafter whether one mine or a hundred mines were found—each gold-seeker was satisfied. A new gold camp is, at best, a raffle. Ortie need worry no longer that his big dream had been a drunken one.

At last the show was over. But the miners did not leave. They sent to Prisco for five kegs of beer and a case of whisky, that they might continue to celebrate.

## CHAPTER XXII

OUT in the dressing-room, Bob Calvert changed from tights into regular clothing. He went forth and calling to Connie, walked with her to the back door, that they might watch the joyous disorder within. Now five miners were in the center ring, with one of them acting as a horse, while others cavorted in clowning which otherwise might have been highly unfunny. Ortie was climbing a center-pole and at the same time attempting to make a speech.

But finally the girl and man turned from the door. The rangy form of Undersheriff Felton had appeared dimly on a fretting horse.

"Where's that fellow Calvert?" he asked, peering against the darkness.

Both Calvert and the girl turned hurriedly toward the officer. The Undersheriff leaned forward from his saddle. He said, in a low voice:

"Never mind lettin' folks know it. We ain't found nothing. But we've got an idea. If you'd like to see some fireworks, come on."

An hour later, with a rifle butt protruding from its scabbard beneath his stirrup leathers, Calvert and the Undersheriff turned from Ten Mile Hill into a narrow trail. Bravely Connie had let him go. A strange rumor had come from deep in the mountains northwest of Ten Mile. Now they were joining a waiting band of armed men, sworn in, like Calvert, as special deputies. There was plenty of time. They could do little until dawn.

What they sought, they did not truly know. A boy had come into Breckenridge on a mountain burro, saying that his father wanted a posse—that there had been a lot of shooting at a cabin back in the hills.

Slowly, in single file, allowing their horses to pick out the trail, the group of a dozen men moved through the night. This was no road, no traveled bridle path; in places it was no more than the beating down of brush and grass by the migrations

of elk or deer. Time after time they lost the way, only to find it again.

They moved more swiftly with the break of dawn, at last to sight a man standing in a slight clearing beside his cabin. He was bearded, and held the reins of a saddled burro. The boy stood beside him. The posse came to a halt.

"Think you can show us the way?" asked the Undersheriff tersely.

"Reckon," said the prospector. "Was up in that direction once."

"Take the lead."

The posse moved on. Calvert swerved Duke around the other horses and rode beside the prospector. But his full knowledge was no greater than he had sent in by his boy. An hour passed. Movement became slower, more cautious. At last, the man pulled the reins tight on his hard-mouthed burro and pointed through a tiny aperture in the thickness of pine and spruce. Across a small valley, there showed a tiny log cabin of the one door and one window type. Before the door something lay sprawled.

"Who's got them glasses?" the Undersheriff asked. A posse member passed them over. The officer said succinctly:

"Dead horse."

"Let me see." Calvert took the glasses, focusing them with difficulty. At last he handed them back.

"That's Leonard Purcell's saddle-horse."

The click of steel answered as posse members examined their firearms. Once more the men moved forward. The Undersheriff gave orders to spread out. The encircling motion began. Only the Undersheriff and Calvert remained with the prospector on his burro. Slowly they advanced, giving time for other members to pick their way through timbered dead-fall. At last, the prospector dismounted and began to creep forward. Calvert and the officer dropped back a short distance. Another twenty minutes and the guide came within sight again, running low on the trail. They halted, awaiting him.

"There's a fellow behind a pile of rocks—got his back to the trail," he urged. "You can rush him."

SPURS dug deep. Horses plunged forward. The right hand of Calvert and the Undersheriff gripped at sidearms. A short spurt and they struck a clump of aspens. Another rush and they plowed through to the last fringe. The Undersheriff shouted:

"Hey, fellow! Let's see your hands!"

A hundred feet away, half leaning against an outcropping of volcanic rock, Flatiron Keats turned to face them. His features were drawn as if in agony. A long-barrelled revolver hung loosely in his right hand; his left arm was limp, and swollen to almost double its size. He had slit the bandages to free himself of the pain they caused; black flesh bulged; there were deep

(Continued on page 44)





# Cast and Broadcast

By Philip Coles



The above photograph is an action shot of the Cities Service program, snapped during a broadcast in the National Broadcasting Company's studios. Jessica Dragonette, NBC's pet soprano, and Frank Parker, popular tenor, are caught warbling a love duet into the mike to the strains of Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. The broadcast, which the Cities Service Quartet augments, is one of the feature programs of the air



Tom Howard, funny man with the telephones, has traveled a far circle since his days behind a grocery counter. The Broadway comedy stage interfered with that effulgent career, and then NBC straight-armed the stage. Now, because he knows his groceries, Tom qualifies as the Clerk in Best Foods' Musical Grocery Store. Heard on WEAJ on Friday evenings he is aided and abetted by giggling Jeannie Lang, whom we pointed out two months ago



Slowly and with relentless perseverance, the bright lights of the stage are dousing the dim bulbs in radio—a replacement for which in most cases we can be thankful. One of the brightest of the lights is Fanny Brice, pictured above left. As anyone with half an eye can see, Fanny takes to the mike with something akin to passion, showing no disposition to relinquish the object of her affections to anyone. And why should she? She is, and has been for years, one of the cleverest comedienne on the American stage

The Men About Town (left) are probably the most frequently broadcast quartet in Radio. The boys, who have been on the air for over seven years—seven years of plenty—have been known to broadcast in as many as six different programs in a week. Clockwise, they are: Will Donaldson, arranger and accompanist; Phil Dewey, baritone; Jack Parker, tenor; and the nonchalant tenor, Frank Luther. Individually in solos, and together in harmony, they fill your ears for B. A. Rolfe and his Terraplane Orchestra on Saturday Nights



# Behind the Footlights



**K** The return of Tallulah Bankhead (kicking up her heels on the left) to the New York stage after a long absence in London and a brief excursion into the movies, adds considerable zest to the play of Edward Roberts and Frank Cavett called "Forsaking All Others." Intrinsically, this is a rather light-weight, inconsequential comedy redeemed by good acting and shrewd casting. The people of the play belong to the smart young set and Miss Bankhead's prestige as a leader is seriously compromised by her being jilted at the very altar. The young woman playing solitaire is Ilka Chase, who does a splendid bit of acting as a tipsy bridesmaid

**K** Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts have settled down to the comfortable enjoyment of a repertory season of their favorite operettas. The series started with a production of the familiar but always delightful "Mikado" in which Herbert Waterous and Hizi Koyke (right) gave very satisfactory performances as Yum-Yum and Pooh-Bah, respectively. Mr. Waterous, who is a permanent member of the company, has also been heard from in the comparatively unfamiliar "Yeoman of the Guard," which contains some very lovely music; "Pinafore," and "Trial by Jury." The repertory will continue to unroll as long as the attendance remains good, with such favorites as Frank Moulan, William Danforth, Roy Cropper, Vera Ross and Vivian Hart in the familiar rôles




**K** "One Sunday Afternoon," by James Hagan, is a leisurely play about a small town dentist to whom chance brings the opportunity for revenge on a man he has hated for years because he won the girl Biff Grimes had wanted to marry. As the curtain falls on the prologue the victim is limply relaxed in Dr. Grimes's chair inhaling an unknown quantity of laughing gas. If you are looking for fast action and excitement this is not the play for you, but it has, nevertheless a somewhat old-fashioned, quiet charm of its own. Lloyd Nolan and Francesca Bruning (left) do good jobs as Biff Grimes and the girl he marries





# And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

 The lovely Marlene Dietrich (pictured at the right with Brian Aherne and Lionel Atwill) will appear late this summer in a picture entitled "The Song of Songs." Miss Dietrich plays an orphaned German peasant girl whose shrewish aunt, Alison Skipworth, sells her to a cruel and sadistic Baron, Mr. Atwill. Needless to say, their marriage is bitterly unhappy and Marlene is forced to plumb the depths of degradation and despair before she is allowed to find some promise of happiness for her shattered life

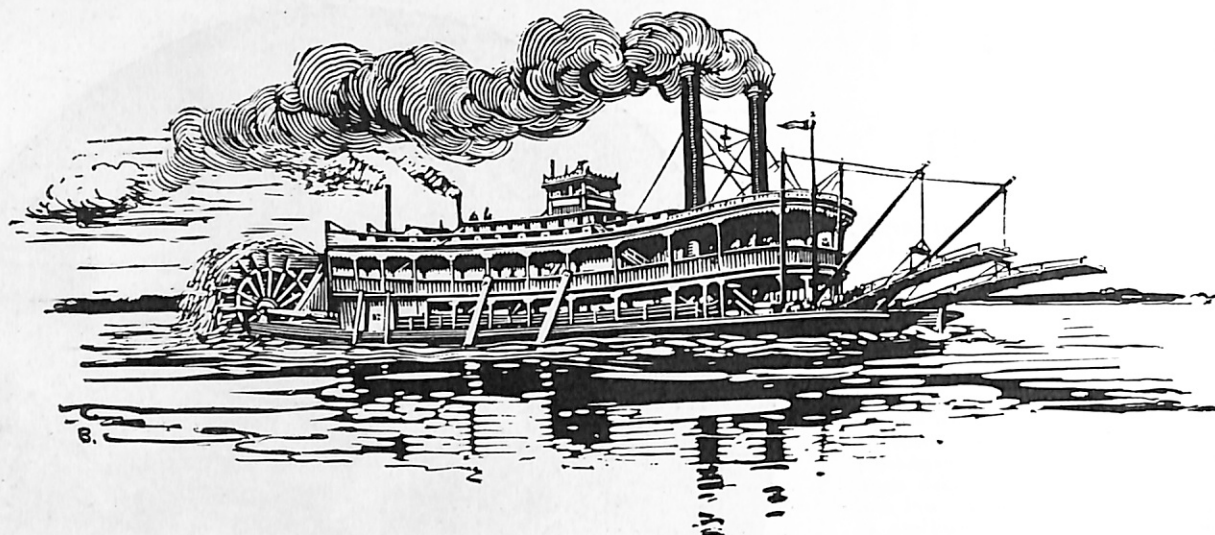


 The unhappy results of accidental manslaughter form the basis of the plot of the screen play called "The Life of Jimmy Dolan." Jimmy, played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., wins the welterweight championship title and at the party celebrating his victory an unfortunately placed radiator causes him to kill a newspaper reporter when he only intended to give him a good smack. He is shown at the left with Loretta Young whose affection plays a prominent rôle in determining his later vicissitudes

 Rachel Crothers' delightful play "When Ladies Meet," which sent Broadway audiences into gales of laughter for six months on end, has been transposed to the screen with the group at the right disporting themselves in the leading rôles. They are: Myrna Loy, Alice Brady, Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding and an unidentified young bartender. The story deals with a most attractive young lady novelist whose experiences in translating her fictional philosophy of love into actual practice leave her a sadder and a wiser woman







# Absalom Grimes,

## *Rebel Spy and Mail Runner*

By Edgar Sisson

*Illustrated by Lowell Balcom*



CIVIL war is terrible and thrilling. All the passions are doubly loosed. The very knowledge that brothers have of each other comes at once more fiercely and more craftily into play. Nor is the conflict limited to battle. Brothers can not conceal much from each other. It is certain that they will spy upon each other successfully and penetrate each other's lines at will. They did so in the 'Sixties.

If there was more system in the way in which the North gathered its intelligence of the foe, there was more glamor in the feats of the South in its counter-attack. Southern gallantry and dash in the field were matched by reckless and picturesque border-running, smuggling and spy intrigue.

In the West the city of St. Louis, northern-held but of Southern sympathy, was the natural center of the sectional Confederate secret service for the first years of the war, until the Mississippi River was cleared. The creator and the active leader of this intelligence force was Absalom Grimes, commissioned a Major, but familiarly known as Captain Ab, his title as a Mississippi River pilot. To the hoodwinked and irate Federals he was "Slippery Ab," with a standing reward for his capture.

Behind Ab Grimes was a legion of women, at St. Louis, at Memphis, at Louisville and at many river and inland villages. Their hoop-skirts hid the contraband of mail, military news and medicines until the mass was delivered into Captain Ab's hands for the last and most perilous sally. Neither North nor South ever came to a rigid search of the persons of women. The messengers were all young and at-

tractive. Enemy officers more often helped than hindered them on their way. Protection and courtesy were the rights of women. They took advantage of them without a twinge of conscience. Captain Ab knew what he was about when he enlisted his petticoat cohort.

The spies of account always have been those who had a trade, occupation or profession that prepared them for their rôles in war. If he hadn't been a river pilot, Ab never would have thought of becoming a spy or would have had any luck in trying to be one. Wherever boats plied he could go—and did.

He was not a sly, old and weatherbeaten chap, trusting to the wiles of experience. He might have been David's son, the Absalom for whom he was named—young, rash and as rebellious. He was twenty-four years old in '61. He had been a full-fledged pilot for three years, running between St. Louis and St. Paul, but acquainted with the lower river as well. He took the river seriously, and not much else. He looked on life as a joyous matter and meant to have all the fun that was going. He didn't like to hurt people. His unusually stern personal morality probably came from that trait. Women admired him, sought his favor and served him. He let them sacrifice themselves to a cause but never to him. Lucy Glascock was the only one to whom he gave romantic attention. He was good to look at, foppish in a river way in

in his dress, but not extravagantly. Except for his ardor he didn't seem to have a single warlike attribute.

When the war clouds came over the horizon he didn't see them. The political heavens, he reckoned, were full of anger, but they ought to clear in a few weeks. The notion of fighting about different opinions seemed absurd to him. He knew the young fellows at St. Paul and in the Illinois and Iowa towns as well as those in Missouri and Tennessee. They were the same sort. He couldn't vision them at each other's throats. For himself, he was naturally Southern, but the Government was something apart, bigger, different, and much more closely related to the Mississippi River. It was from the Government that he got his pilot's license. Surely the Government wouldn't do anything to bother the boats, the captains and the pilots on the river.

But the Government did just that and in



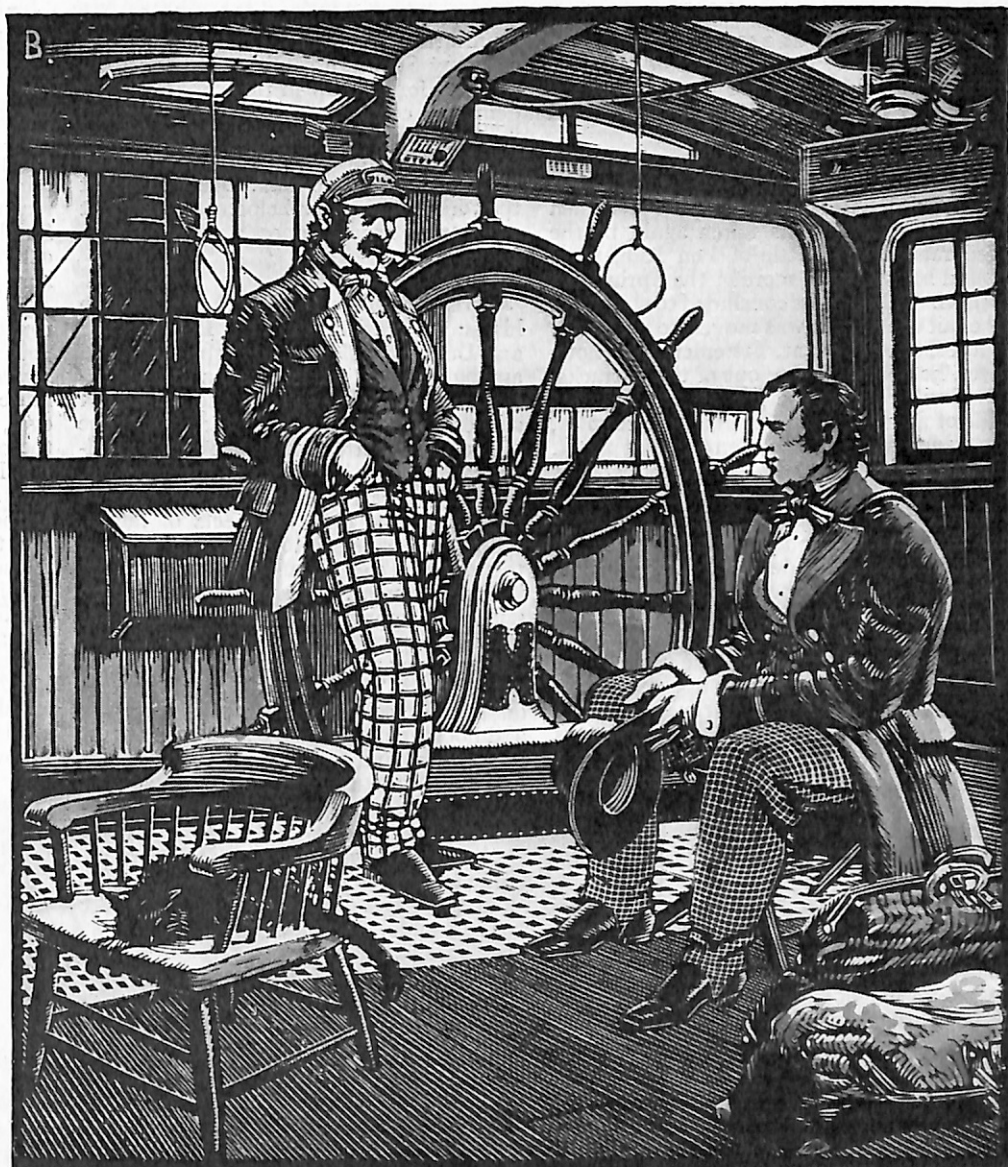


a day made a rebel out of Absalom Grimes. He went to St. Louis in May, 1861, to renew his pilot's license. Two other pilots went along. One was Sam Bowen. The other was Sam Clemens, a Hannibal boy like his companions, looking ahead to a life on the river, never dreaming that the day's trip was a definite march away from the river toward a new career and the lasting name of Mark Twain. All three were jokers.

THEY swaggered into the inspector's office and called for blanks and pen and ink to fill them. There was a new inspector in charge and he spoke with a German accent. Things might have gone differently if another inspector had been on duty. When the front of the papers were filled out, the inspector—a bit pompously—asked them to turn the pages and sign under oath a new paragraph written there. It was the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, never before required. The young pilots held their pens in the air and began to talk the matter over. It was Ab who set off the spark by asking why they, native born Americans, should be asked by a foreigner to swear to allegiance to their own country. The German was peppery. He wanted them to apologize before he gave them another chance to sign. They laughed at him, tossed their unsigned papers in his face and strode out of the office. They were pilots, lords of the river. They figured apologies were due to them.

They were not inclined, however, to magnify the incident. Bowen was the most sober minded of the three. He advised a return to Hannibal and a do-nothing policy until politics got quieter. The Government, he argued, would soon discover it was making a mistake about pilots. They went back to Hannibal. The Government, on the contrary, was most obstinate. An army lieutenant, with a guard, followed them home and invited them to return to St. Louis, "voluntarily" or in irons, as they chose. They decided to be volunteers. This time they were confronted by General John B. Grey, who, thinking he knew something about pilots, said nothing about oaths of allegiance but appointed them to Missouri River boats. They protested that they did not know the Missouri. He asked them if they could take their steamers in the wake of others steered by men familiar with the river. This they admitted they could do. They might have been in the service of the Government in another hour had the General not left them alone in the room while he stepped into the next office to receive an urgent caller. The three peered out and found the hallway unguarded, and skipped. Now they were against the Government. They fled from the city, first to Hannibal and then into Rolls County.

Inside of a week Colonel John Rolls had enlisted them as Confederate recruits and christened them as the nucleus of the Salt



*With a new load of mail in his bags he left St. Louis as a down-river passenger on the steamer "Far West," under a friendly Captain*

River Guards. Town and farm boys joined them. Clemens was made second lieutenant, Bowen the sergeant, and older men were given the senior offices. Grimes was one of the few buck privates. The brief country campaign was boisterous but not glorious. The company camped in a barn and tried to drill itself. Rain fell steadily for days, the friendly farmer was nearly eaten off his place and there was no sign of an enemy. The company council decreed a march for food. Nick Matson's farm seemed the best goal. The owner had a reputation for hospitality. The only mount was a spike-tailed mule, allotted to Clemens because he had a boil on his leg and couldn't walk. In a haymow that night, fire from a pipe started a blaze. The lighted hay was thrown to the ground and Clemens leaped with it. The jolt was a drastic cure for the boil but wrecked him otherwise. The next day he was carried on a make-shift litter. At Matson's, after Clemens had been put to bed, the company voted to disband, and enlist in better organized forces. Ab Grimes never saw Clemens again. The latter's family got hold of the invalid and sent him to Keokuk, where his journalist elder brother took him in tow to continue on the far-western trip

immortalized in "Roughing It." Thus the transition of Sam Clemens into Mark Twain.

Upon the scattering of the recruits, Ab joined the company of Captain Theodore Bruce at Paris, and discovered quickly that war wasn't a burlesque. He was under fire at Shelburn and saw men wounded and killed. He was drilled and hardened into a soldier. In a march on Glasgow he aided in the seizure of the *Sunshine*, the last boat he had piloted on the river, took the wheel again and ferried the army of 3,000 men across the river. He was with the forces of General Price at Lexington. Then one day shortly afterwards, he and a companion made the mistake of walking into a farmhouse where a squad of Federal soldiers were eating. The two were taken as prisoners to Springfield.

This episode had most to do with starting Grimes on his spy career. From the experience as captive he learned how easy it was to escape from prison and gained a contempt for Northern jailers. Confederate prisoners were kept in one second story room of a barracks, alongside of quarters used for Union soldiers under arrest for minor offences. From the latter Grimes got hold of caps, coats, trousers and over-



coats until he had two complete Federal uniforms. Posing as a guard taking a prisoner to company headquarters he marched himself and his companion out of prison and away from town. The two rejoined their regiment.

UNFORTUNATELY, as he then thought, Grimes was taken again by the Federals at the battle of Pen Ridge, and found himself once more in the Springfield prison. This time he concluded to stay until the jail contingent was moved to St. Louis, a foreshadowed event. For emergency, however, he opened a way out of the barracks, naming it the grapevine route. On one side of the room was a planked-up counter, on which some of the men slept at night. Fixing a plank so that it was removable at will, he and his fellows cut from within the counter through the wall into a storage building next door and from this seldom visited structure made a well hidden exit in the rear. Such of the prisoners as wished to escape were allowed to go in twos and threes nightly. Newcomers were constantly being thrust into the room. At roll-call, the only checking-up, others answered for the departed. Grimes went out of evenings to get the fresh air but always returned. He was turning over a grand plan in his mind. It could not be worked anywhere but from St. Louis. He was patient, but in the meantime agreeably busy. One man, separately confined in the jail, was under death sentence as a spy. He must be moved. The rescue could be worked, Grimes decided, only from the outside. Using the secret way, he dressed himself in a Union uniform that he kept tucked away under the flooring, stuck a stolen pistol under his cape coat, and walked boldly to the front of the guard-house. There he presented a forged order for the person of Martin, the convicted spy, who was to be brought, the order read, to the courthouse by the bearer. The officer on duty asked if the soldier did not want additional escort, since he wasn't carrying a rifle. Grimes smiled and pointed to his pistol. Martin was delivered to him. The march went by the courthouse to the outskirts of town—and liberty for Martin. The rescuer scuttled home to prison.

The transfer from the over-crowded Springfield jail to St. Louis took place eventually. Grimes was intensely disappointed when he learned that the journey was to be continued to the Federal prison at Alton, Illinois. Escape from there would be improbable. The best that Grimes could do in St. Louis, during his brief stay in the Myrtle Street jail, was to get word to friends to have shelter ready for him if he got away, as he hoped to do, during the river trip.

The prisoners were loaded on the *Alton*. They were allowed to move about. Grimes saw that both the pilot and the engineer were old friends. When the boat got to Alton he did not leave it. Grabbing an oil can and a wrench and smearing his face with grease, he began to work amid the machinery. The engineer hid him a little later in his own room. The *Hannibal City*, bound for St. Louis, came alongside. Grimes swung from rail to rail and sixteen hours after he left St. Louis he set foot in the city again, a free though a hunted man.

The big idea he had conceived at Spring-

field was to establish a channel of communication between St. Louis, the home of so many Southern soldiers, and the Confederate forces, now in this spring of 1862 definitely centered on the lower river and in the state of Mississippi. When he arrived at General Price's camp he intended to be bearing home mail. He went right to work, looking for helpers. He sought out women acquaintances.

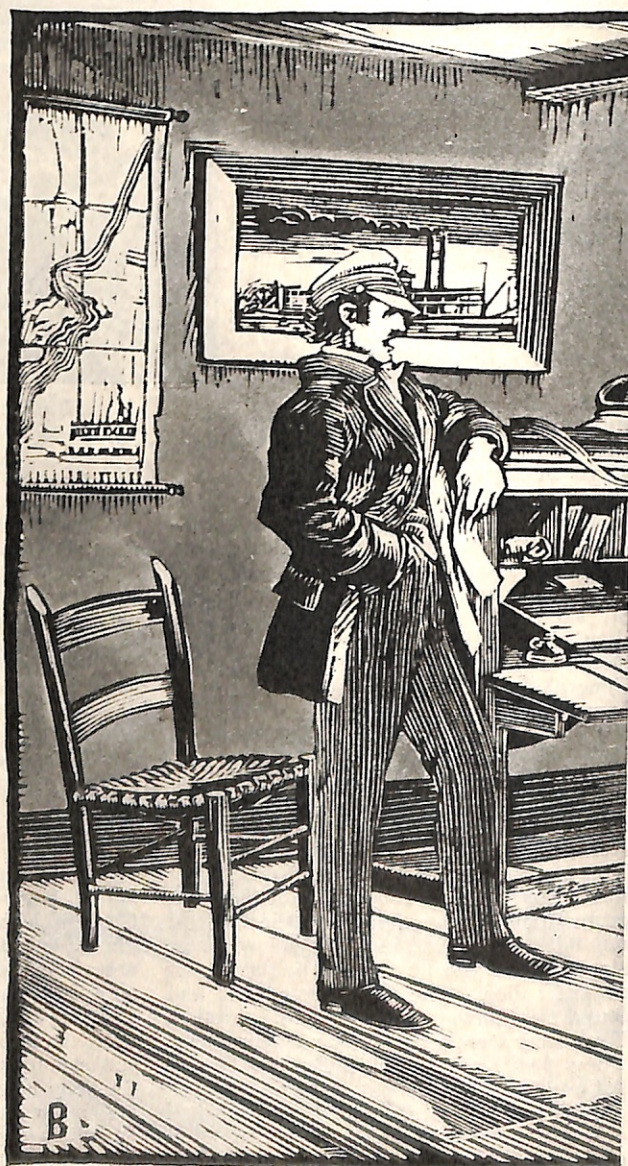
THE first three to take their places on his staff were Marion Vail, Lou Venable and Deborah Wilson. Each sped the word among trusted friends that mail was going out, and to gather it from the families of soldiers. On a call at a doctor's house one of the trio reported back that staple medicines should be included. Grimes agreed. For his own part he collected military news and wrote the date on sheets of flimsy, rolling the papers into wads and keeping them on him so that he could destroy them if he was caught. The visits of women up and down many streets could not be expected to pass unnoticed. He took the heads of several business houses into his confidence. The women were given credentials as solicitors for corsets, hosiery and household wares. To hold and conceal the letters and packages the emissaries sewed open-mouth bags of soft, strong cloth underneath the panels of their hoop-skirts. Women walked sedately in those days. That was fortunate. Running or capering would have brought strange sights.

Grimes, with bulging valises, left St. Louis on his first trip April 6, 1862. As an Illinoisan ending a city visit he went by rail to Centralia, Illinois. As a Tennessean, still going home, he traveled by way of Cairo to Memphis, whence he proceeded to Rienzi where he bought a horse and buggy and disappeared into the country. He reached General Price's camp on April 12, and was joyously welcomed for his wares and his tidings, apart from the greetings given him as a lucky prison-breaker. He was a private when the Federals had him at Springfield. He was commissioned a major before he had rounded out a day at headquarters, and as promptly had been detached for independent service. General Price and the

staff recognized both the value of the mail-running idea and the wit of its inventor. The camp was a letter-writing hive that day. The staff added a quota of military messages. The mail-runner turned his head northward. Round-about through Holly Springs, dressed this time as a planter going to St. Louis for supplies, he reached the city on April 21, fifteen days for the successful going and coming. The camp mail was distributed to hundreds of happy families.

In spite of the smoothness of the first round trip, Grimes felt that he could not repeat the land journey. He would, he feared, be marked down soon on that route. The contacts he had made, however, had been most valuable, particularly those in Memphis and the region beyond. His horse and buggy were being kept for him at a house in the country. He had learned his way around in new territory. For the most part henceforth he decided to use the river route as far as Memphis.

With a new load of mail in his bags he left St. Louis as a down river passenger on the steamer *Far West*, under a friendly captain. He was put ashore at Nealy's Landing, sixty miles below, where he made an ally of a river-man and hired a skiff from him. The two covered this craft with willow branches until it looked like a



*They were confronted by General John B. Grey, who, thinking he knew something about pilots, said nothing about oaths of allegiance but appointed them to Missouri river steamboats*



floating tree. Grimes paddled into mid-stream after dark and then snuggled under the foliage and trusted the deceiving boat to the current. He floated past Cairo to a few miles below Bird's Point and then dared to resume the oars. After awhile a new interest so attracted him that he cached his mail in a hollow tree and went spying. The Federals were up to something in the rear of Island Number 10—he wanted to find out exactly what. That night he rowed through a flooded forest until the plan was obvious to him. The Yankees were clearing a channel through the submerged area behind the island, were succeeding and would render useless the river-front rebel fortifications. He was not discovered, got back to the river and went on to Fort Pillow with his bad news. Orders for the abandonment of Island Number Ten were given.

THE mail still was in its hollow tree. Grimes rowed to fetch it. He was halted by a Union gun-boat and when recognized by the pilot explained that he had turned Union and was on his way to pilot another boat in the flotilla. The story served for the moment but when the commander made later report of the occurrence the falsity was apparent and marines were

sent after the spy. They came up to him in a cabin-on-stilts in which he was sleeping in an overflow region. He heard the approach, jumped out of the window into the water and got under the cabin but the marines went under after him and pulled him forth. If he had had the mail with him he would have been in a bad way. As it was he was held as a spy suspect and sent to jail at Cairo.

The prison was a down-at-the-heel building on the levee and was set on piles. Grimes could hear the lap of water underneath. He had a room by himself, and his next-door neighbors were several girls who had been arrested as undesirable camp-followers. Whatever their morals might be, they sympathized with the Southern spy and willingly took instructions that might help him to save his life. He told them to dance, laugh and be noisy whenever he signaled.

Sewn in the lapel of his coat and overlooked when he was searched he had a flat blade of sharp steel. He rigged a handle for it. Complaining to the guard that the floor was damp, he asked to have an empty pork barrel in the hall moved in so that he could sit upon it. Underneath the barrel while the girls entertained the guards, he cut a hole in the flooring and dropped through it. A steamer was tied

up a few rods away. He swam to it and, in the darkness, climbed cautiously aboard. It was the *Planet*, a freighter in Union service. He spied around for a friend and spotted one—the engineer, to whom he revealed himself. In a picked-up Union uniform, Grimes was added to the guard and went with the boat to the important Federal port of Pittsburgh Landing. The cargo was live-stock for the camp commissary. The spy folded his uniform coat—which might again be useful—into the seat of his trousers and was one of the herdsmen who drove the cattle ashore.

He had heard that the *Chouteau*, another boat with a friend aboard, would be at the Landing. Leaving the cattle minus one drover, he located the craft, boarded it and sought out Charley the bar-keeper. Charley had real influence. From the first colonel who came for a drink he got a pass through the lines for his "cousin." Grimes used it to get through the barriers until he was within reach of the Confederate quarters at Corinth. He reported regretfully to headquarters that the mail was delayed up the river. He promised it next trip. The men were sorry but the staff officers were gratified with the load of military information he had packed away in his head as he traversed Union territory. The deserted mail, too, was retrieved by Grimes in a fortnight. The blockade running proceeded methodically.

The time came when Grimes thought an extension was practical, provided he could hit upon a proper man-partner. His choice was Robert Loudin, an athlete of the old Volunteer Fire Department of St. Louis. The two compacted that if either was caught the other would go to his rescue. They added Louisville as a port of call. They also became more aggressive in Union country. Loudin, at least, burned a number of Government steamboats on the Ohio River, and probably the destruction of many supply depots could be credited to the pair. Grimes never was definite on the subject. In Louisville two women, Sudie Kendal and Belle Shirley, supervised the collection and the distribution of the mails.

Grimes and Loudin ventured together into the North as far as Indianapolis in July, 1862, to find out how Northern enlistment was going. The draft had begun. Some upon whom the lots fell did not care for soldiering and were hiring substitutes. A public hall was clearing-place for these transactions. The spies walked in and listened. The bids got high. When one of \$800 was reached Loudin pulled free from his companion and yelled his acceptance. Grimes was alarmed at first but his own desire for Northern

(Continued on page 41)







## EDITORIAL

### MILWAUKEE IS CALLING

■ The preparations being made by Milwaukee Lodge for the Elks Convention, to be held there next month, give promise of comfort, pleasure and entertainment of an unusual character for all who attend. Interested and active Committees have arranged a varied program that will appeal to every taste and desire. Milwaukee is calling to all Elks.

Many Lodges have adopted the suggestion of the Grand Exalted Ruler that both the newly elected, and the retiring Exalted Ruler, be sent, as Representative and Alternate, respectively, in order to meet the conditions created by the recent amendment of the constitution. This will, of itself, insure a larger number of accredited delegates than usual. The World's Fair, being held in Chicago, will undoubtedly add measurably to the number of Elks who will attend the Convention. It is, therefore, to be anticipated that the occasion, from the standpoint of numbers, will be noteworthy.

There is much of importance to engage the attention of the Grand Lodge, affecting the welfare of the whole Order; and every member who can do so should attend its sessions and contribute his presence and intelligent cooperation to the enactment of wise legislation. The fact that such service may be performed amidst most pleasurable surroundings, and with a rare opportunity for a combined trip to a great World Fair, presents an appeal that will be difficult to resist.

### FLAG DAY—A PATRIOTIC SERVICE

■ The Order of Elks is, perhaps, most generally regarded as a charitable and benevolent organization only. This is due to the fact that its activities in this field are better known in the several communities. It should be remembered, however, certainly by all Elks, that it is also essentially a patriotic fraternity.

In peace times, naturally, the services performed in this particular field are usually of a less public character, though they may be, and frequently are, of importance and value. And it is wise and proper to keep the Order before the people, in every appropriate way, as one of definite patriotic purpose, ready at all times to exercise its full power in service to our Country.

Patriotism is not merely a willingness to fight for one's country in time of war. It involves, just as definitely, a readiness to serve it in times of peace. Whatever may arouse and stimulate this sentiment is itself a patriotic service and that is the particular purpose of Flag Day. Naturally it will have a wider influence and a more effective result when publicly celebrated.

Our country is in peculiar need at this time of the confidence, and the loyal and devoted support, of all its citizens. They have demonstrated that confidence, that loyalty and devotion, in trying circumstances, and in a manner which is deserving of all praise. The Order of Elks has made a conspicuous contribution to this result. Flag Day furnishes a splendid opportunity for a renewed expression by our people of this patriotic sentiment. And Elks, through observance of the prescribed ceremonies, are peculiarly well qualified to enlarge their patriotic contribution to the public welfare.

The approaching occasion is commended to all Lodges as one which should be fittingly observed. And the



further suggestion is made that the selected speaker be requested to accentuate the patriotic service that may be rendered by all citizens by the continued display of courageous optimism, of confidence in our institutions, and by a steady purpose to cooperate in every effort for the well-being of our Country and its people.

In such manner the Order may perform a service this year of unusual significance and of real importance.

### AN ENDLESS CHAIN WORTH WHILE

■ Many of the readers of this are familiar with the chain letter nuisance, in which some misguided enthusiast writes a letter of given import to a certain number of people requesting each one of them to do likewise to the same number of his acquaintances. The theory is that by a sort of geometrical progression a vast number will be reached in a short time. It is doubtful if they ever get very far along, for the suggestion is more apt to meet with resentment than with compliance.

But there is one endless chain that it is worth while for every one to start, and frequently. It needs no request that it be passed along to others. Almost automatically it indefinitely extends itself. It is the endless chain of helpfulness that is begun by an act of kindness to another.

It is inevitable that a kind word appropriately spoken, a generous deed effectively performed, a charitable impulse translated into practical help, will arouse in the heart of the beneficiary some degree of gratitude and appreciation. Just as inevitably, although it may be unconsciously, there will be engendered an impulse to do likewise, for the benefit of some other person. And that other in turn, is similarly moved.



One does not usually think of this aspect of his conduct; but the effect does not depend upon such specific purpose. It is a natural result; and contemplation of it brings a deep satisfaction.

## WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

■ The recently installed Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges, in all likelihood, have already received numerous complaints from members with respect to conditions which they think should be corrected. It is the usual experience of newly elected officers. Also, in all likelihood, the complaints have, in most instances, ended with the expression of the criticism. Obviously such criticism is valueless. It is not constructive.

A condition which is properly the subject of complaint will be known to the Exalted Ruler. It is no help to him merely to remind him of it. What he needs, and should welcome, is a helpful suggestion for the betterment of the condition.

It is recommended to the officers that, in all cases of such complaint, they ask the critics: "What do you suggest?" Such an inquiry may elicit a helpful proposal for improvement, which is the only thing which gives such criticism value.

Constructive criticism should be encouraged by a considerate hearing; and made effective by such prompt action as may be indicated. Nor is it intended that mere complaints should be met by brusqueness. But one may recognize a condition which calls for a remedy and may not have given thought to the remedy itself. The request for his own suggestion will remind him of his obligation and stimulate his interest to solve the problem himself.

It will also tend to discourage mere complaints; and that of itself will be a real improvement.



## KEEPING YOUNG

■ The retention of youth, or rather of its usual physical attributes is an inbred desire in every heart. Appealing to this universal attitude, there are innumerable methods which are widely exploited, each one claiming to possess peculiar merits and effectiveness.

Physical fitness is, of course, a most sensible objective for every individual. Without it every activity of life is affected. And any reasonable effort to maintain it, or to restore it when impaired, is not only commendable from the standpoint of self-interest, but is also a duty to one's family and the whole body of society of which one is a part and to which one owes the best service to be rendered at the maximum of efficiency.

But after all, keeping young is not merely a matter of bodily health and physical capability. It is very largely a matter of mental outlook, of inward spirit and of disposition. If a man retains his enthusiasms and maintains

his interest in younger people, his contacts and associations with them, it will do more to preserve his own youthfulness than any system of physical training.

Keeping young, in its proper sense, does not mean the continuance of youthful follies, nor the participation in activities that are unseemly for real maturity. But it does mean the sympathetic understanding of younger people and the sharing in appropriate ways in their interests and enjoyments.

Growing old is an inevitable human experience. But that does not imply that it should be an unhappy one to be endured with morose resentment. Nor does it require a lonely withdrawal into one's self. It does not necessarily invite or arouse a repellant attitude on the part of younger persons. Youth calls to youth, it is true; but it also enjoys, and profits by, fitting associations with elders when accompanied by real interest and congenial understanding.

Keeping young effectively is as much an art as is growing old gracefully. They are indeed coordinate arts. Both should be intelligently cultivated.

## WHAT DO YOU CARRY UPON YOUR FACE?

■ A competent actor, when consciously performing, can make his countenance assume variant expressions which strikingly portray the inward emotions he is supposed to experience at the moment. That is a matter of deliberate purpose. But it is also true that one who is not acting unconsciously carries upon his face some outward indication of the emotions and sentiments which are at the time actuating him. And when those actuating influences are frequently experienced, the countenance becomes more or less permanently set in the lines which thus display them.

It is, therefore, quite usually true that what a man really is, in character and inward spirit, is so stamped upon his features that it is an advertisement of himself, to be read by all who behold it. This accounts, in large measure, for the general accuracy of the impressions which are created upon first contacts of individuals.

Every one of us desires to make good impressions upon those with whom we are associated, even casually. And no one likes to be hypocritical. It follows that each one should not only present a good face, but that it should be an honest presentation of a good, clean spirit within.

What do you carry upon your face? Is it a scowl of dissatisfaction; a registered complaint against conditions; a supercilious sneer; a grimace of selfish covetousness; a lascivious leer? Or is it a calm-eyed happiness; an expression of wholesome cheerfulness; an open look of honest kindliness? Whatever it is, it is likely to portray your real self.

It is not a bad idea to look in the mirror occasionally, to study carefully what is being written upon our faces. It should prompt a purpose to make them more pleasing exhibits by schooling our emotions; by inviting and entertaining only such sentiments as will mold our features to the expression we would like them to wear.

The captioned question is an important one to which each of us might profitably give serious consideration.







In line with car, left to right—Charles D. Engle, P. E. R.; Harvey C. Zorn; Edward Spiegel, Sec.; John A. Evans (in back, with arms folded, Thomas A. Shankey, P. E. R.); William Wadsworth, Tiler; Ernest Wiedmiller, Treas.; Arthur L. Johnston, Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Austin L. Callahan, Esteemed Leading Knight; Edmund H. Lawler, P. E. R.; Chester A. Heitman, Exalted Ruler; Miss Sara M. Gleason, Registered Nurse; Joseph Maher, Esteemed Loyal Knight; John F. Johnson, P. E. R.; Clarence J. Seaton, P. D. D. G. E. R.; Philip R. Farley Trustee; Walter S. Gedney, P. E. R.; William J. McCabe, President Haverstraw Rotary. Insert—Postmaster General James A. Farley, Past President New York State Elks' Association, at whose suggestion the Rockland county crippled children's program was inaugurated

## Rockland County Crippled Children Program Of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877

FOR some years I have observed with interest the Elks' crippled children work in New Jersey, inaugurated there more than fifteen years ago and since undertaken by the Elks in several other states, including Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota and Texas. It has seemed to me that this activity offered an opportunity for Elks everywhere to be of service to humanity and to the nation, by assisting in transforming cripples from a burden on their parents or the state, into community assets by making them self-supporting and independent. The present Haverstraw activity is intended to direct the attention of Elk Lodges everywhere to this great field that is open to them for community service. It is suitable for any Lodge and can be carried on within its financial resources.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt, a member of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, is in a large measure responsible for the effort to extend this work. More than two years ago—on October 14, 1930, to be exact—Mr. Roosevelt, then Governor of the state of New York, wrote a letter to Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Commission, saying in part:

"I hope to see the day when the business of 'helping cripples to help themselves' will be undertaken throughout the entire country as efficiently as it is in New Jersey."

Early in 1932 I arranged for a survey of conditions in New York state to ascertain whether the Elks could be of service in crippled children work. New York has liberal laws providing full institutional care and treatment for all crippled children

By James A. Farley, P.E.R.

brought to the attention of the proper state departments. Probably no other state has made better provision to care for these little unfortunates. But state officials connected with the work have themselves appealed to private agencies and organizations for assistance, because laws of this character are never self-executing.

Many parents of cripples hesitate about disclosing or presenting them for treatment, thinking nothing can be done for them. Neighbors often convince them there can be no relief for bent bodies or twisted limbs. In numerous instances parents of cripples must be visited and appealed to many times before they are convinced that relief is available. No state can be expected to employ the great number of field workers necessary to do this. It can best be done by members of fraternal and welfare organizations whose hearts are touched and who freely and gladly volunteer their services.

Persistent publicity is also necessary to inform not only the parents and neighbors of cripples, but all in the community that if treated in time 50 per cent of the crippled children can be cured.

There is a wide and appealing opportunity for Elks, Rotarians and similar fraternal, welfare or service organizations to be helpful in crippled children work. Their members will provide the intimate, personal contact and the humane, sympathetic touch so necessary in the care and cure of crippling conditions, especially among children. So it will be for volunteer fraternal and welfare organizations to supple-

ment the law in any state by searching out little cripples, convincing reluctant parents of the value of treatment and education, seeing to it that they are given the full measure of care provided by the Commonwealth and in addition thereto, what is more important and valuable, to instill in them the spirit and the ambition and the determination so well characterized in the New Jersey slogan, "helping cripples to help themselves."

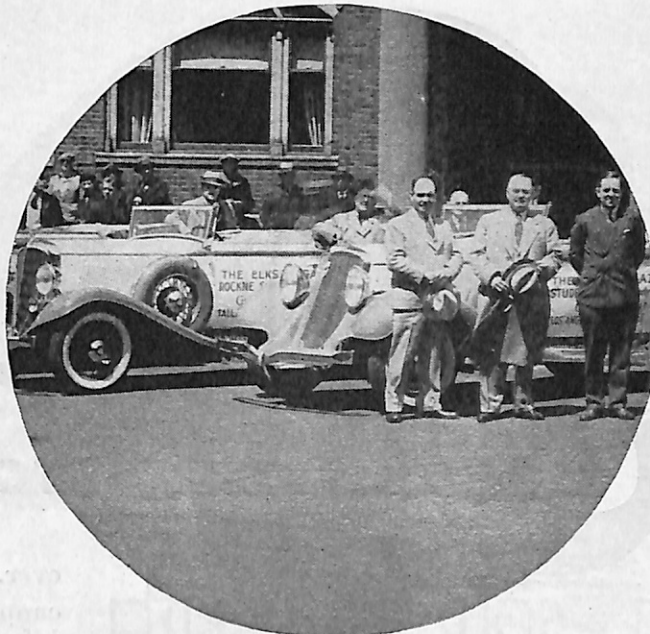
The Rockland County program, being carried on by Haverstraw Lodge of Elks with the cooperation of Haverstraw Rotary, has already demonstrated that regardless of laws intended to provide 100 per cent care for crippled children, that goal can not be attained by statutory enactments alone. Personal contact through the sympathetic interest of volunteer workers in every community, men and women who freely and heartily give their services, provides an element that is just as valuable and just as necessary as any amount of state funds.

This combination of state aid and volunteer service which comes from the heart can alone bring complete success. The Haverstraw plan, or a modification of it, can readily be adapted to any community. It is an opportunity for the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to be instrumental in aiding or rehabilitating the 400,000 little cripples in the United States. They will thus be transformed from helpless, discouraged, disheartened children with a gloomy outlook on life, into happy, contented, ambitious men and women capable of sharing the joys, obligations and accomplishments of normal human beings.





Above—A high spot in the annual official Elks Good-Will Tours; President Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, starting the cars of the 1931 Good-Will Fleet from his home at Hyde Park, New York



At right: A portion of the fleet of six cars of the 1933 Good-Will Tour lined up outside the home of South Bend, Ind., Lodge No. 235. Left to right: Al K. Maurice, Mayor Hinkle of South Bend and Paul Hoffman, President of the Studebaker Corporation of America

# The Good-Will Fleet is on its Way

## Six Purple and White Couriers launched on long Transcontinental Journey to Grand Lodge Convention

**M**ARKED by appropriate ceremonies, the six cars of the Elks Official Purple and White Good-will Fleet, started on their separate journeys to the Grand Lodge Convention, which this year is to be held at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the week of July 16th.

A Studebaker and a Rockne, piloted by Brothers Joe Downing and Fred Roberts of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., No. 842 Lodge, left New York City, May 31st and proceeded up the Hudson Valley, visiting various Lodges making a two-day stop-off for attendance at the New York State Elks Association Convention June 4th-5th at Rochester. From there, they continue on their route with two other State Elks Association Convention stops scheduled, those being at New Haven, Connecticut, June 10th and at Greenfield, Massachusetts, June 11th and 12th. The balance of the journey carries them through the Atlantic Seaboard and Eastern Middle States. Drivers Downing and Roberts

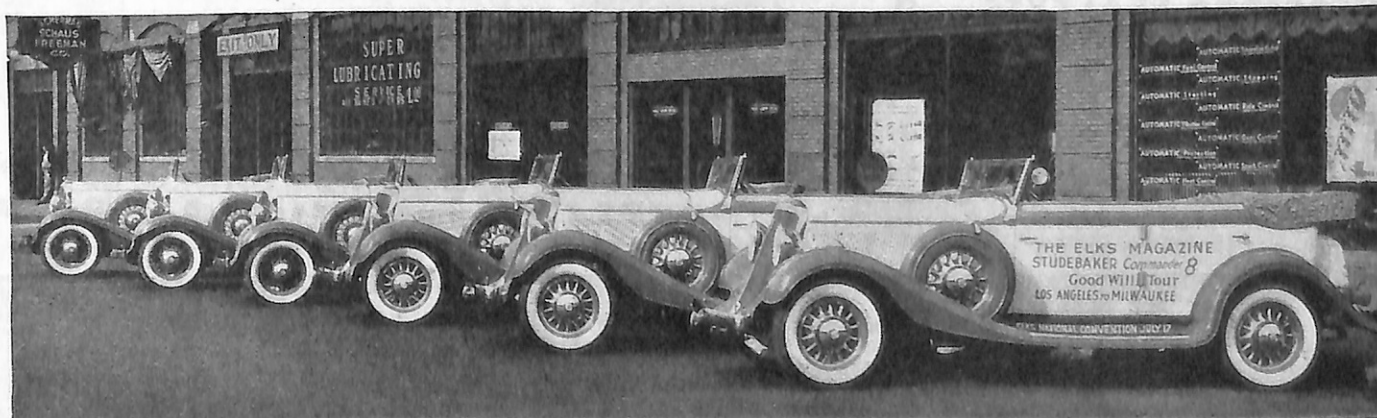
are not only experienced in matters fraternal, but have been for many years, teamed as professional entertainers of a high order.

**A**NOTHER pair of the Good-will Fleet journeys from Tallahassee, Florida, goes down the Florida West Coast, turns north into Georgia and other States of the South, thence into the central States which they will cover thoroughly. These two cars, also leaving on May 31st, are piloted by Mr. Oscar E. T. Schonfeld, P. E. R., Mt. Kisco, New York, No. 1552, a Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association and Mr. George A. Wightman, P. E. R., of New Haven, Connecticut, No. 25. Both are highly regarded among their fraternal associates and are expected to prove capable ambassadors of Good-will for the 1933 Tour.

The pair leaving from Los Angeles, California, May 31st, proceeded North up

the West Coast where they will attend the Washington State Elks Association Convention at Everett, June 17th. Following this, they turn East through Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, and other Western Central States, turning North into Minnesota and through Wisconsin down to Milwaukee. Brothers Mark Love and Fred Jones will pilot these two cars. Mark Love enjoys an international reputation as concert singer and radio star; his most recent activity was as program director for station WGN Chicago where he built a great following among the fans of that station. Brother Jones is a prominent advertising expert and a member of South Bend, Ind., Lodge.

The cars used are three Studebaker Commander De Luxe Sedans and three DeLuxe Rockne Roadsters. All are equipped with the famous Firestone white sidewall tires and are using, as usual, Quaker State Motor Oil and Lubricants and some brand of Ethyl Gasoline.



The six cars of the Elks official Purple and White Fleet for 1933 lined up preparatory to leaving their home at South Bend, Indiana





The **GOLD STANDARD**  
of TIRE VALUES

### THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

**FIRESTONE** High Speed Tires are made of the *finest materials* by master tire builders. They are **FIRST CHOICE** of race drivers who know tires and will not take chances or risk their lives on ordinary tires.

For thirteen consecutive years, Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have been on the winning cars in the 500-mile Indianapolis Race—the most grueling test for any tire.

Road speeds of today are the *racing speeds* of yesterday. *Don't take chances* on inferior or thin, worn tires—guard the *safety* of yourself and family.

Trade in your old worn tires *today*. Any one of the 30,000 Firestone Service Dealers and Firestone Service Stores will give you a *liberal allowance* to apply on a set of Firestone High Speed Tires—the *Safest Tires in the world*.

REMEMBER—your brakes can stop your wheels, but your tires must stop your car.

### THE New Firestone SEALTYTE Leakproof TUBE

Coated inside with a special compound which seals against air loss. Flexible rubber valve stem—no chance for air leakage. Constant air pressure increases tire mileage.



# FIRESTONE HAS NOT CUT TO MEET TODAY'S LOW PRICES

**SAVE** money NOW! Firestone Quality is higher than ever. *Prices probably will never be as low again.* These prices cannot last. Equip your car *today* and get these Extra Values — *before prices go still higher.*

These *Extra Values* are made possible by *tremendous savings* effected by manufacturing the complete line of Firestone Tires, Batteries, Brake Lining, Spark Plugs, Rims and Accessories, in our own *most efficient* factories and distributing them through dealers direct from factories and warehouses — a *One Profit, Low Expense System*.

Firestone Tires are not made by cheap labor — to sell at a price. Every tire is built with the patented Firestone features of Gum-Dipping and *Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies* under the *scientifically designed Non-Skid Tread*. They give you *Added Safety and Longer Mileage*.

Take advantage of these *Extra Values today*. Buy Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires with the confidence that they are *built up to a Quality — not down to a price.*

Visit the Firestone Building at "A Century of Progress," Chicago. See the famous Gum-Dipped tires being made in a modern Firestone tire factory

### Firestone BATTERIES

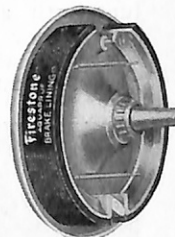


Firestone Batteries set a new high standard of *Power, Dependability, Long Life and Economy*. All makes of batteries tested **FREE**.

**\$5.40** and your old battery

**MAGNEX BATTERIES \$3.95** and your old battery

### Firestone BATTERIES



The prof B...  
ture-pr...  
new pri...  
smothe...  
more p...  
Have...  
FREE.

As low as **\$2.40**

**30,000 FIRESTONE DEALERS and**  
**The Greatest Distribution and**



# stone QUALITY



4.40-21  
**\$5<sup>27</sup>**

SIZE	PRICE
4.50-21.....	<b>\$5.85</b>
4.75-19.....	<b>6.30</b>
5.00-20.....	<b>7.00</b>
5.25-18.....	<b>7.65</b>

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

## Announcing THE NEW Firestone

### SUPER OLDFIELD TYPE

This tire is the equal of all standard brand first line tires in Quality, Construction and Appearance. Sold at a price that affords you *real savings*.

### FIRESTONE OLDFIELD TYPE

This tire is superior in quality to first line special brand tires made without the manufacturer's name and guarantee, offered for sale by department stores, oil companies, and mail order catalog houses. This is "The Tire That Taught Thrift to Millions."

### FIRESTONE SENTINEL TYPE

This tire is of better Quality, Construction and Workmanship than second line special brand tires made without the manufacturer's name and guarantee and offered for sale by mail order houses and others.

### FIRESTONE COURIER TYPE

This tire is of good Quality and Workmanship — carries the name "Firestone" and full guarantee — sold as low as many cheap special brand tires manufactured to sell at a price.



4.40-21  
**\$4<sup>65</sup>**

SIZE	PRICE
4.75-19.....	<b>\$5.65</b>
5.00-19.....	<b>6.10</b>
5.25-18.....	<b>6.85</b>

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

4.40-21  
**\$4<sup>20</sup>**

SIZE	PRICE
4.75-19.....	<b>\$5.10</b>
5.00-19.....	<b>5.48</b>
5.25-18.....	<b>6.17</b>

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

4.40-21  
**\$3<sup>25</sup>**

SIZE	PRICE
30x3 1/2.....	<b>\$3.15</b>
4.50-21.....	<b>3.85</b>
4.75-19.....	<b>4.20</b>

### RAKE LINING

New Firestone Aqua-Rake Lining is moisture-proof and embodies a principle which produces braking action and positive braking control. Your brakes tested

### Firestone SPARK PLUGS



Give a hotter spark, increased power, and have a longer life. Double tested and sealed against power leakage. Old worn plugs waste gasoline. Have your spark plugs tested FREE.

**58c** Each in Sets

**MAGNEX 3 for \$1.00**  
SPARK PLUGS

per Set

Relining Charges Extra

## COMPARE CONSTRUCTION QUALITY • PRICE

at any one of the 30,000 Firestone Dealers and Firestone Service Stores

# and FIRESTONE SERVICE STORES

Service System in the World





### **New York Lodge Holds Service for Akron Dead**

A MEMORIAL service for the officers and men of the naval airship *Akron*, who died in the highest tradition of service to their country, was held, under the auspices of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, in the Lodge Home itself. The services were arranged by Inspector Daniel A. Kerr, of the Police Department, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Captain Edward A. Duff, Chaplain of the New York Navy Yard, made the memorial address.

As three members of the *Akron's* lost crew were members of Lakewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1432, a delegation from that Lodge attended the ceremonies. Mrs. A. L. Masury, widow of Lieutenant Colonel Masury, who was lost with the *Akron*, and James H. Weeks and his mother, relatives of a member of the crew who died in the wreck, were also present. The Navy was represented by Captain Ward K. Wortman and the Army by Colonel John R. Kelly and Colonel R. C. Kirtland. Veterans' organizations also participated in the ceremonies. Assistant District Attorney James Garrett Wallace, Exalted Ruler, presided at the solemn occasion.

### **Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge Sponsors State President's Class**

Bucyrus, O., Lodge, No. 156, recently sponsored a "State President's Class" initiation in honor of Norman C. Parr, President of the Ohio State Elks Association. Delegations were present from twenty-seven Ohio Lodges, and over four hundred guests were in attendance, including Past State President Charles W. Fairbanks; Vice-President W. F. Bruning; Secretary Harry Hale; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary; Col. C. W. Wallace, Secretary of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37; Judge Phil M. Crow, Past Exalted Ruler of Kenton Lodge; Judge C. A. Guernsey, Fostoria; and other important State figures. Early in the afternoon the initiation ceremonies were performed, inducting into the Order twenty-two candidates from fourteen different Lodges. The officers of Galion Lodge, No. 1191, conducted the ritual. Following the initiation a series of speeches were made, the principal address being given by President Parr, and a musical feature was also presented. Early in the evening the Lodge sponsored a colorful parade through the streets of Bucyrus, headed by a squadron of Police; a mounted squad of the National Guard, the Bucyrus

High School Band, the Colors, and the honored guests following. After the parade a banquet was served, and a special evening program of entertainment was presented, including musicians, magicians and other talent. Through the courtesy of the local telephone company, the quarters were wired for microphones and loudspeakers, enabling the musical program and the Eleven O'Clock Toast, delivered by President Parr, to be broadcast to all floors of the Lodge Home.

### **Manila Elks Chorus On the Air**

The radio audience of the Philippine Islands was recently given an opportunity to hear the Elks Male Chorus of Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761. Favorable weather conditions assured a clear reception throughout the Archipelago. Exalted Ruler Joseph H. Schmidt gave a brief address, following which a recorded speech by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was broadcast. Much favorable comment has been received on the addresses and the musical program. A second concert was later given at the Manila Metropolitan Theatre.

### **Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge Holds Circus Party**

Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, a short time ago gave a large circus party for the orphans of the vicinity. The children were abundantly supplied with peanuts, popcorn, and soda, and all the other necessities of a circus jaunt. No. 1542 also presented a minstrel show recently, and then gave a ball in honor of District

Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph W. Coffin. The Lodge presented the District Deputy with a gold life membership card in token of the members' appreciation of his distinguished services to the Order.

### **Chicago, Ill., Lodge Holds Good-Will Meeting**

A Good-Will meeting held by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, attracted a crowd of more than three hundred and fifty Elks, their wives and friends. The four featured speakers to address the gathering were all clergymen. They were: the Reverend Philip Allen Swartz, of the First Congregational Church of La Grange, Ill.; Rabbi G. George Fox, of the South Shore Temple; Reverend Father Patrick Maloney, known to members of his Catholic Youth Organization Movement as Father Pat; and the Reverend R. Keene Ryan, Pastor of the Garfield Boulevard Presbyterian Church. Exalted Ruler Archie H. Cohen called upon Past Exalted Ruler Judge Michael Feinberg, who also addressed the meeting. Arrangements have been concluded by Exalted Ruler Cohen for a series of speeches on timely subjects to be given throughout the next few months, arrangements which have met with the approval and enthusiasm of Chicago Lodge.

### **Postmaster-General Farley Officiates At Bronx, N. Y., Lodge**

At Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, James A. Farley, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Exalted Ruler of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, and Postmaster-General of the



Columbia, S. C., Elks lay cornerstone of Community Building at State Sanitarium



United States, officiated at the recent installation of officers-elect. Members of many Lodges were present, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gustav H. Papenmeyer; Past District Deputy Edward S. McGrath of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22; and officers and Past Exalted Rulers from the East and Southeast District. The installation ceremonies, colorful with the uniformed drill team's purple and the abundance of flowers, were held in the Lodge room.

### Columbia, S. C., Lodge Aids Sanitarium

The patients at State Park, the South Carolina sanitarium for tuberculosis sufferers and the Elks of Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, were made happy the afternoon of April 30 when they saw a long cherished dream come true with the cornerstone laying of a handsome community building which will provide chapel and recreational facilities for those at the Park.

Nine years ago a group of patients, twelve in number, organized the Sunshine group and from an original treasury of three cents the fund grew to \$9,000. Just when it looked as if the movement were halted by the depression, Columbia Lodge stepped in and completed the job. Several hundred dollars more were raised in cash, material dealers were induced to give liberally to the project, and above all, the Richland Relief Council, distributing work for the county, was persuaded to provide all the labor.

### New York, N. Y., Lodge Holds Gala Initiation

With more than fifteen hundred members crowding the Lodge room and overflowing into the gallery, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, not long ago initiated a banner class of candidates which was headed by John P. O'Brien, Mayor of New York City, and included among its many notable citizens Borough President Samuel Levy, Sheriff Joseph T. Higgins and Representative William I. Sirovich. Following the initiatory ceremonies, which were most impressively performed by the officers of No. 1, the gathering which included many guests from Philadelphia, Chicago, Indianapolis and St. Louis as well as nearby Lodges, listened to interesting addresses from Mayor O'Brien, several of the other newly initiated members and a number of distinguished members of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. A partial roster of the prominent members present, some of whom addressed the meeting, included, in addition to Mr. Fanning, three other Past Grand



Winners and trophies at the recent bridge tournament at Waukegan, Ill., Lodge

### About Reduced Railroad Fares to Grand Lodge Convention

For the Grand Lodge Convention, to be held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the week of July 16, 1933, the railroads have granted a round-trip rate of a fare and one-third, under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE plan, to members of the B. P. O. Elks and dependent members of their families. These excursion tickets will be sold upon presentation and surrender of IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES that are to be obtained from your Lodge Secretary. The rate is effective either going and returning via the same route, or making the round trip via diverse routes, and the return limit is thirty days in addition to date of sale. Liberal stopovers are allowed en route, on going and return trips, within final return limit.

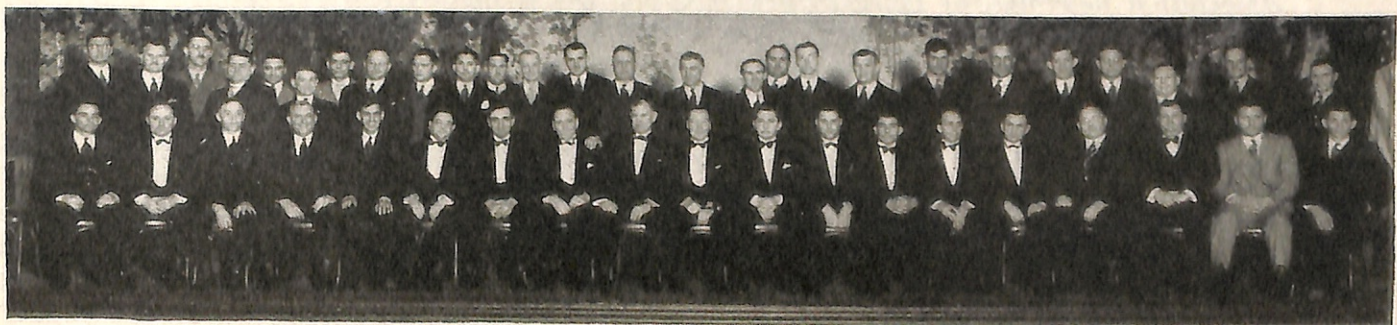
**LOWER RATES FROM PACIFIC COAST**—While the fare arrangement under the Identification Certificate plan applies for the entire United States, the regular Summer Excursion rates from the Pacific Coast and other far-western points are lower than a fare and one-third. Therefore it will be more advantageous for those from this territory to purchase Summer Excursion tickets,

good going and returning by different routes and carrying liberal stopovers. **THESE SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS REQUIRE NO IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES.** Following are typical Summer Excursion rates from the cities indicated to Milwaukee and return: San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco, twenty-one day return limit, \$80.50; October 31 return limit, \$90.30. Portland, twenty-one day return limit, \$77.25; October 31 return limit, \$90.30. Seattle and Tacoma, twenty-one day return limit, \$75.25; October 31 return limit, \$90.30. Spokane, twenty-one day return limit, \$63.75; October 31 return limit, \$83.85.

**CONSULT TICKET AGENTS**—No matter in what territory you reside, it is suggested that you see your ticket agents at once and obtain detailed information in respect to specific round-trip fares under the Identification Certificate or other special fares; selling dates; final limit; stopovers en route; routes over which tickets will read, including also diverse routes, that is, going one route and returning another; sleeping-car charges; train schedules.

Exalted Rulers—John K. Tener, James R. Nicholson, and Murray Hulbert; Hon. James T. Hallinan, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State, and Grand

Trustee; Francis P. Boland, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler.



The picture above was taken at the ceremonies instituting Hillside, N. J., Lodge and shows all the charter members



## Eastern Edition

*This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges*



*Scene at the dedication, in the Home of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, of a portrait of Past Exalted Ruler John Anderson Chisolm*

### **Testimonial Dinner at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge**

Over two hundred members of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, members of the bench from Poughkeepsie, and friends from all over the State tendered a testimonial dinner to William J. Sheedy, retired police chief of Poughkeepsie. Tribute was paid Mr. Sheedy by former city judges, members of the bar, and other distinguished guests when called upon by the toastmaster, Past Exalted Ruler George G. Salberg.

### **Carnegie, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Anniversary**

Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, celebrated its thirtieth anniversary by the initiation of a class of twenty candidates. The ceremony of initiation was performed by members of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, and was so ably done as to bring the hearty applause of the five hundred visiting members. Wheeling Lodge also provided an orchestra and glee club for the entertainment of the guests. Among the distinguished Elks present were: District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James M. Kelly and Francis T. Benson; Past District Deputies A. J. Gerard, John A. Wagner and James P. Brownlee; Past State Association Presidents John F. Nugent and

M. F. Horne; President James A. Ellis and Secretary C. S. Brown, of the Southwest District Association, and President C. O. Morris and Secretary Frank Moran, of the Central District Association. The day before this anniversary celebration Carnegie Lodge celebrated a "Family Night" at which two hundred Elks and their wives and immediate relatives enjoyed dancing, card games, and the show that was presented for their entertainment.

### **Trenton, N. J., Lodge Visited By Leading Elks**

Leading Elks from all over the State of New Jersey attended a recent session of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, in which a class of candidates was initiated into the Order. Five of the initiates were men who, as youngsters, were benefited physically and otherwise by the Elks Crippled Children's Committee, of which Past Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, is Chairman. Among those present at the meeting of No. 105 were Francis P. Boland, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, accompanied by Vice-President Harry H. O'Claire, and his staff; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles R. Tomlin and Aloysius J. Kaiser; John H. Fate, Dr. Harris K. Cohan, John H. Cose, Leo Slater and Joseph Salz, of the New Jersey

State Elks Crippled Children's Committee; several members of the State Rehabilitation Commission. Assemblymen Traveline and Muir; former Assemblyman John E. Gill; State Senator A. C. Reeves; City Commissioner Swan; and delegations from a number of New Jersey Lodges.

### **Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge Plans Activities for May**

At the time of writing, Cliffside Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 1502, had planned to conduct the following activities during the month of May: an Open House Night at which a buffet supper was to be served, and to which many of the old-timers were especially invited; an attendance in a body at the reception of State Elks Association President Francis P. Boland, at Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211; a card party, given by the Lady Antlers for the benefit of the Lodge Home; and a dinner tendered to Past Exalted Ruler Valentine Theis, at which prominent speakers were to be heard.

### **Great Activity Shown at East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge**

East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 319, has evinced great activity under the leadership of Exalted Ruler R. Clifford Smith.

**W**ITH the May issue *The Elks Magazine* inaugurated a policy which made it possible to increase greatly its content of Lodge news. In addition to publishing, as in the past, reports of State Association meetings, of the activities of Grand Lodge officers and of Lodges all over the country, it now publishes special news of Eastern Lodges in one edition, in another accounts of doings by Lodges in the Central States, and in a third the activities of Lodges in the far West. Thus, when you see on the cover the words *Eastern Edition*, or *Central Edition* or *Western Edition*, you will know that to the news of national interest and of Lodge activities which you will continue to receive as heretofore, there is added a special section devoted to reports of particular interest to the locality mentioned.

Are the activities of your Lodge regularly reported to the Magazine? They should be, for we are anxious to publish all news of interest to the Order at large. If there is no one in your Lodge charged with the specific responsibility of acting as correspondent, why not, at the next meeting bring up the matter and assure, by the appointment of such a correspondent, the publicity your Lodge activities are entitled to? **THE EDITOR.**



Recently an entertainment was given for 250 of the members, featuring a troupe of thirty-five theatrical artists. Shortly afterwards the Lodge held an "open house" for the Elks and their guests. Various kinds of amusements were provided for the 400 participants. A week later a troupe of twenty-five vaudeville performers entertained the members with skits and dancing. The troupe attracted a capacity house. In the following week a card party, accommodating sixty players, was held at the Lodge Home. There were two prizes for each table. The past month was filled with social activities including a "smoker" to celebrate the sixth anniversary of the opening of East Stroudsburg Lodge, and in June No. 319 is to play host at a Laurel Ball, at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware.

### *New York State President Entertained at Testimonial Dinner*

James H. Mackin, Past Exalted Ruler of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and President of the New York State Elks Association, was guest of honor at a testimonial dinner attended by more than 300 Elks including, besides his fellow members in Oswego Lodge, 75 from other Lodges. James A. Kinney, Exalted Ruler of Oswego Lodge, presided. Among the speakers were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Past Exalted Ruler Francis E. Cullen; Congressman John Fitzgibbons; and Mayor John F. Otis of Oswego. A surprise feature of the program came when Vice-President of the State Association John B. Keane of Newark Lodge, No. 1249, presented Mr. Mackin with a ruby ring as a testimonial of the regard in which the State President is held by the members of Newark Lodge. Exalted Ruler Kinney then presented Mr. Mackin with a handsome wristwatch as a token of the affection of Oswego Lodge. Following the dinner there was an entertainment at the Lodge Home, where most of the dinner-guests enjoyed a variety show to which Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, contributed a splendidly drilled minstrel show. There were other features on the program of music, both instrumental and vocal, and after the entertainment a supper was served. On the following day President Mackin was host at a breakfast



*Officers of Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, winners of the James R. Nicholson trophy, emblematic of the ritualistic championship of the state*

for visiting Elks, many of whom had remained in Oswego overnight.

### *Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Plans Convention Tour*

The splendidly successful tours to the convention cities undertaken by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, in 1929 and 1931 set a precedent which the Lodge aims to equal if not to surpass in the trip planned for Milwaukee this year. The contingent from No. 878 will travel in through de luxe Pullmans to Milwaukee where they plan to spend four days of crowded social and fraternal activities provided by the hospitality of the convention host Lodge. On Thursday July 20 they will entrain for Chicago and there spend two days enjoying the sights and wonders of A Century of Progress. On the 22nd they will embark on one of the luxurious lake steamers for a three and a half day cruise of the Great Lakes with sight-seeing stops at Mackinac Island and Detroit. At Buffalo they will leave the boat and continue the homeward journey by train

through the beautiful Finger Lakes region of New York, and over the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania, returning to their starting point on July 26. An invitation is extended to all members of No. 878, their families and friends to share the pleasure of this tour.

### *Governor Sholtz Installs Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge Officers*

David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and Governor of the State of Florida, presided at the recent installation of officers at Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937. Governor Sholtz was assisted by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight L. M. Lively, R. A. Gray, Secretary of State and Fred H. Davis, Chief Justice of the State of Florida.

### *Large Birthday Party for Hampton, Va., Lodge*

On the occasion of its thirty-sixth birthday, which fell on St. Patrick's Day, Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, gave an anniversary party attended by several hundred persons. The entire lower floor of the Lodge Home was thrown open for the use of the members and their guests. The entertainment, which followed a short address given by Charles B. Hale, Exalted Ruler of No. 366, consisted of lively music, specialty dances and acts, a minstrel team, and in conclusion, a boxing match. The Gymnasium, in which most of the program was carried out, was specially decorated and lighted for the festivities.

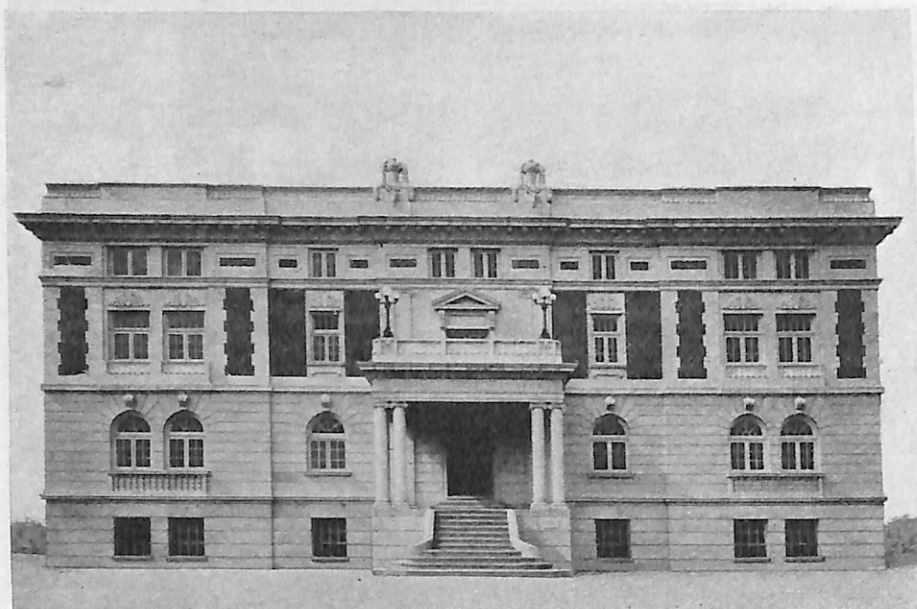
### *Lebanon, Pa., Lodge Stages Party in Honor of New Administration*

Celebrating the advent of their new administration, Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, staged a gay party in their Home which they dubbed "Ladies' 'Old Dutch' Night." The affair drew a crowd of close to five hundred Elks and their ladies and the party was pronounced one of the liveliest in the history of the Lodge. Two floors of the Home were given over to the merry-makers; a concert was held on the grill-room floor while the second floor and



*Among the winter entertainments at Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge were several bridge parties. A view of one of which is shown above*





*This is the handsome and commodious home of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge*

main ballroom were devoted to dancing. "Dutch lunch" was served all through the evening, favors and noise makers were distributed to everybody and the ladies received a special souvenir in the form of engraved tumblers.

#### ***Passaic, N. J., Lodge Chef Wins Prize in Culinary Contest***

The grand prize for culinary art, offered at the annual meeting of the American Professional Chefs' Association held recently in Newark, N. J., was won by the Passaic Elks Restaurant of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387. More than a score of New Jersey chefs took part in the contest. Passaic Lodge, represented by George A. Howard, manager, and Tony Vasquez, chef, won on the following dishes: chicken a la king, lobster a la Newburg, crab meat Dewey, shrimp a la Newburg, creamed oysters on toast, and Carolina rice, au gratin.

#### ***Social Event at Lewistown, Pa., Lodge***

The first social event of Lewistown, Pa., Lodge, No. 663, under the new administration of Exalted Ruler Edward D. Smith, was presented to a group of more than 225 Elks and their friends. The entertainment consisted of a revue, featuring a master of ceremonies, singers, dancers, an adagio team, and comedians, and dancing to the music of an excellent orchestra. Since the event was unreservedly pronounced a success, the entertainment committee is planning several other such evenings for the future.

#### ***Massachusetts Central District Lodges Give Dinner***

The Elks Lodges in the Central District of Massachusetts recently gave a testimonial dinner in honor of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bernard S. McHugh, in the Home of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886. Present at the dinner were representatives from each Lodge in the district and various dignitaries of the Order. After the serving of the dinner a program of speaking and entertainment was presented. Among the speakers who paid tribute to

the guest of honor were: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Michael H. McCarron, President of the Massachusetts States Elks Association; Thomas J. Brady, Past Grand Tiler and Past President of the State Association; Bernard E. Carbin, Treasurer of the State Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Burke; Past District Deputies John F. McGann, Frank B. Twitchell and Harry E. Gleason; John J. Stanton, Exalted Ruler of Watertown Lodge, No. 1513; who was toastmaster at the dinner; Frank Conroy, of the Massachusetts Southeast District who gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast; the Hon. Edwin O. Childs, of Newton Lodge,

No. 1327; Trustee of Watertown Lodge, Albert Ross, and several other Past Exalted Rulers. District Deputy McHugh was honored with many glowing tributes from the speakers as well as with a handsome radio from Watertown Lodge, and Mr. Ross was presented with a silver service by Past Exalted Ruler Thomas E. Killion, in the name of Brookline Lodge.

#### ***Philadelphia Lodge Entertains Outgoing Exalted Ruler***

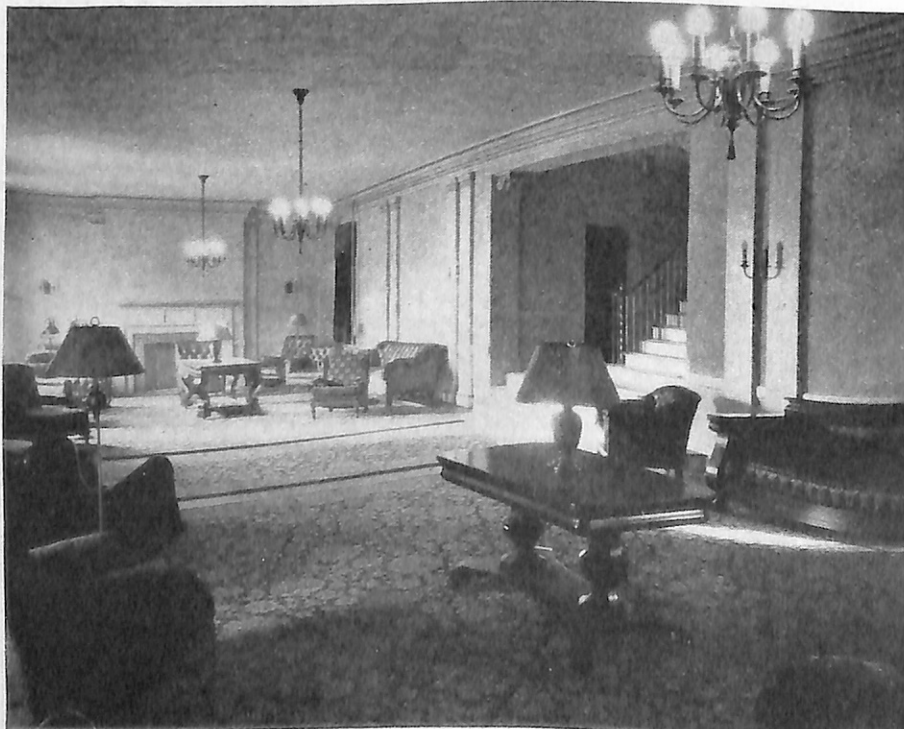
Outgoing Exalted Ruler John A. Conway, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, was recently entertained by the Lodge at a dinner given in his honor. More than one hundred and fifty members gathered together in the Crystal Ballroom of Philadelphia Lodge and heard Past Exalted Ruler Dr. E. M. Bartlett preside as toastmaster. There were several excellent speeches, and the guest of the evening was presented with a magnificent radio in appreciation of his services as administrator of the Lodge. Entertainment was furnished by the band and a string band, both units of Philadelphia Lodge. The string band carries with it a large reserve of competent entertainers.

#### ***Lancaster, Pa., Lodge Prepares For State Convention***

Once more Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, installed two officers, Herbert C. Obreiter, Secretary, and William R. Styer, Treasurer, for their twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh years' service, respectively. Lancaster Lodge's new drill team, comprised of twenty Lodge members, is to compete for state honors this year, as is the Lancaster Elks Band.

#### ***Thor O. Kindlund Sought by Keene, N. H., Lodge***

Thor O. Kindlund, a life member of Keene, N. H., Lodge No. 927, is being



*This spacious lounge is one of the handsome rooms in the home of Meriden, Conn., Lodge*



sought by Keene Lodge. Will anyone having information concerning Mr. Kindlund please get in touch with Secretary Bernard J. Gilbo, of Keene, New Hampshire, Lodge?

### **William R. Cullen, Secretary of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge is Dead**

William R. Cullen, for nearly twenty years Secretary of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, and one of the most widely known and beloved Elks in his State, died a short time ago. His loss was a severe one to the Lodge and a source of great sorrow to his fellow members. Mr. Cullen had served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for New York, West. During his life in the theatrical profession and the hotel business, he was an enthusiastic and hard-working Elk. He also was active in politics at one time, having served as Secretary of the Hornell, N. Y., Board of Health and in Buffalo as a member of the Advisory Board of his home ward. Following his death Mr. Cullen's body lay in state in the Elks Home. Funeral services were held in the Church of the Immaculate Conception and burial was in the Elks Rest.

### **Charlottesville, Va., Lodge Honors Past Exalted Ruler Chisholm**

Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, recently paid a loving tribute to John Anderson Chisholm, Past Exalted Ruler, Past District Deputy and Past President of the Virginia State Elks Association, when a splendid oil painting of Mr. Chisholm was dedicated and hung on the walls of the Home. About one hundred members attended the ceremony. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, in fitting terms and with much feeling, presented the painting to the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler George Walker, accepting the portrait on behalf of No. 389, ably expressed the love, high regard and admiration in which Mr. Chisholm was held. After the ceremony a delightful smoker was held in the Home, at which it was sincerely regretted that Mr. Chisholm could not attend on account of his health. A few weeks later the announcement of his death came as a deep shock to his fellow members of Charlottesville Lodge and to his innumerable friends throughout the Order.

### **Burlington, Vt., Lodge Celebrates Irish Night**

Irish Night, the last of a successful series of "Nationality Nights," was recently observed by Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, and was attended by more than one hundred and fifty enthusiastic members. A dinner consisting of typically Irish dishes was served and favors in the form of pipes tied with green ribbon were presented to each guest. A business meeting followed at which the members showed their appreciation of the excellent work of the supper committee's chairman, Loyal Knight M. F. McGettrick, by giving him a rising vote of thanks.

### **Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Hold Old Timers' Night**

The third "Old Timers' Night" of Asbury, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, was recently held by the Lodge, and scored a big suc-



*The commodious and attractive Home of Wilmington, Del., Lodge*

cess. After the dinner the annual minstrel show took place, augmented by an excellent orchestra. The revue included a burlesque beauty-contest, a feature entitled "On The Air," a hospital scene, and the Story of Dangerous Dan McGrew. On the following night the entertainment was repeated for the members and their wives, and at this performance dancing was featured.

### **New York, N. Y., Elks at Grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach**

A large group of members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, headed by Chairman Daniel A. Kerr, made the annual pilgrimage to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, in Riverside Cemetery at Waterbury, Conn. Serving as officers at the special arranged ceremony were Past Exalted Rulers Arthur V. Dearden, James E. McDonald, Sol Tekulsky and William T. Phillips, and John J. Campbell. Thomas F. Hackett, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, was the soloist, while Exalted Ruler Robert A. Waters and his associates in Waterbury Lodge, No. 265, were responsible for the transportation of the visitors to and from the ceremony.

### **Washington, Pa., Lodge Gives Reception for New Leader**

A reception and dance given by Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, in honor of Exalted Ruler Muttter W. Agnew and his officers attracted more than 150 couples. Dance music was provided by a popular orchestra, a trio sang for the crowd, and a dance team performed a specialty waltz. Both Elks and their guests pronounced the reception a most welcome affair.

### **Father Installs Son as Nashua, N. H., Exalted Ruler**

Nashua, N. H., Lodge, No. 720, had the pleasure, recently, of seeing Past Exalted

Ruler James D. DeRocher install his son, James E. DeRocher, in the office of Exalted Ruler of No. 720. Following the installation of officers there was an excellent entertainment program featuring a quartet, a luncheon and a social hour.

### **Lowell, Mass., Lodge Holds 45th Anniversary Celebration**

The forty-fifth anniversary of Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, was celebrated in the Lodge Home with more than 600 Elks in attendance, including representatives from eleven other Lodges. In a Lodge room packed to overflowing, Neil J. Moynihan was installed as Exalted Ruler of No. 87. Following the installation, gifts were presented to prominent members of the Lodge, and a banquet was held. The speakers were: Michael H. McCarron, Past Grand Tiler, and President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Raymond V. McNamara; Exalted Ruler Moynihan; Edward G. J. Ryan, Past Exalted Ruler of Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165; Mayor Charles H. Slowey, and others.

### **Past Exalted Ruler Isaacs of Morristown, N. J., Lodge is Dead**

Word has just been received of the death several months ago of Edward A. Isaacs, Past Exalted Ruler and Life Member of Morristown, N. J., Lodge, No. 815. To his fellow members and to his widow, Mrs. Mary G. Isaacs, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity of offering its sincere condolence.

### **Italian Night at Waltham, Mass., Lodge**

A social gathering recently held by Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953, and attended by more than fifty members, was a great success. It was an Italian Night, complete with an Italian dinner and entertainment.





Picture taken at the Home of Centralia, Ill., Lodge on the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's attendance at the meeting of the Illinois Southwest District

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson began a series of visits to mid-western Lodges with a call on Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, where he participated in the dedication of the splendid new Home of the Lodge. More than 200 members and visitors from Lodges all over the State who had gathered for the ceremony were guests at a buffet supper before the formal dedication, which was conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. E. Newton, assisted by a staff of Past District Deputies and Past Exalted Rulers. The Grand Exalted Ruler, who made the dedicatory address, was accompanied on this visit by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway, who also spoke. Other well-known Elks called upon for brief remarks included President J. W. Selbach, of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; Past District Deputies Charles F. Englin, of Minnesota, and R. F. Hoehle and J. H. Wallis, of Wisconsin, and a number of the visiting Exalted Rulers and Secretaries.

Some days later, at the Home of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge, No. 750, the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a meeting attended by some 300 Elks. Accompanying him on this visit were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, Grand Secretary Masters and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers P. T. Weber and A. J. Geniesse. Prior to the meeting Judge Thompson and the other guests were entertained at dinner by the officers of Kenosha Lodge. In his address the Grand Exalted Ruler complimented his hosts on their fine record of constructive activities and praised the way in which the officers had conducted the initiation of a class of candidates.

The next visit was to Urbana, Ill., Lodge, No. 991, which, by reason of securing the largest class of candidates in a district

membership contest, won the right to entertain the Grand Exalted Ruler and the other Lodges of the district. More than 300 Elks were present to hear Judge Thompson and to witness the initiation of a large joint class of candidates conducted by the officers of Urbana and Champaign Lodges, which was followed by a program of entertainment. Besides the Grand Exalted Ruler the list of well-known guests included Grand Secretary Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Crowley, Jr., Past District Deputy and Past State Elks Association President J. C. Dallenbach and Past District Deputy W. T. Buchanan.

Another district meeting was held the next day at the Home of Du Quoin, Ill., Lodge, No. 884. In the afternoon an officers' meeting took place at the beautiful new Du Quoin Elks Country Club and in the evening there was a banquet and an initiation at which the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor and principal speaker. The initiation was conducted by the degree team of Harrisburg Lodge, No. 1058, who inducted some thirty candidates in the presence of more than 300 Elks from all the Lodges of the South District as well as from several outside of it. Among the well-known Elks in attendance were Past District Deputies Louis A. Calcaterra, A. J. Knoblauch and Walter H. Moreland, Jr., and State Association Vice-President Carl N. Hardy.

A third district meeting, that of Illinois Southwest, was held in the Home of Centralia Lodge, No. 493. An informal luncheon was held for Judge Thompson and Grand Secretary Masters before the formal afternoon session, which was presided over by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Norman Hoffman. The meeting included the address of the Grand Exalted Ruler, a brief talk by the Grand Secretary and the initiation of a class of candidates. Past

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William Ryan, Jr., was among the well-known members present.

The meeting of the West Central District of Illinois drew Elks from a radius of 150 miles to the Home of Galesburg Lodge, No. 894. The program was opened with an elaborate dinner in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, following which the Elks band played a half-hour concert. Exalted Ruler Charles T. Charlson opened the meeting, welcoming the visitors and introducing the guests of honor. Among the widely known Elks in attendance were, in addition to Judge Thompson, Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Welch; Dr. J. F. Mohan, President of the Illinois State Elks Association; Vice-President Roy S. Preston; Treasurer William Fritz and Trustee Earle L. Thompson; and Past District Deputies F. C. Winters, Denham Harney and Eugene W. Welch, of Illinois, and Sam W. Hirschl and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. H. Duffy of Iowa. The address of Judge Thompson and the initiation of a "Grand Exalted Ruler's Class" by the officers of Kewanee Lodge, No. 724, were the features of the occasion. The initiating officers were highly praised for their conduct of the ritual.

**A**t the meeting of the Northwest District of the State, held in the Home of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, more than 250 members of the Order gave the Grand Exalted Ruler an enthusiastic welcome. A class of seventeen candidates was initiated in the presence of many distinguished Elks. In addition to the guest of honor there were present Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Esquire Warner; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. J. Schulenberg, Thomas J. Welch and D. C. Burnett; Secretary



Nelson H. Millard of the State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Louis Pitcher; Chief Justice Oscar E. Heard of the Illinois Supreme Court and Circuit Judges Harry Edwards, W. J. Emerson and H. L. Heer.

The largest meeting of them all came two days later when the Lodges of the Northeast District of Illinois met in Chicago with Chicago Lodge, No. 4, acting as host and keeping open house for the visitors. The meeting was preceded by a dinner held in the College Inn Room of the Hotel Sherman, where more than 1,000 Elks attended the banquet and enjoyed the floor show and entertainment. Immediately after the dinner, a meeting and initiation was held in the Louis XVI Room of the hotel, where more than 100 candidates from the seventeen Lodges of the District were inducted into the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler made an impressive speech in which he urged all Elks to stand for and to foster the principles of Americanism. Other Grand Lodge officers present were: Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Esquire Warner; Grand Trustee Lloyd R. Maxwell; and Charles S. Hart, of the Lodge Activities Committee, as well as a number of Past District Deputies and Illinois State Elks Association officers. This meeting was called and arranged for by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. C. Burnett, and was attended by Elks from all of the Lodges in the District, as well as from

nearby Lodges in Wisconsin and Indiana.

Other visits paid by the Grand Exalted Ruler near Chicago on the occasions of installation ceremonies called for trips to Oak Park, Aurora and Evanston Lodges. At Oak Park Lodge his presence drew a large crowd of members and visitors. Judge Thompson, acting as the installing officer, was assisted by Grand Secretary Masters, Grand Esquire Warner and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers D. C. Burnett and C. J. Schulenberg. Following the installation the Grand Exalted Ruler made an address to the gathering. The following evening Judge Thompson again acted as installing officer, this time at Aurora Lodge. In the conduct of the ceremony, which followed a dinner in honor of the distinguished visitors, Judge Thompson was assisted by the Grand Secretary, the Grand Esquire, District Deputy Burnett, Dr. J. F. Mohan, President of the Illinois State Elks Association, Dr. William R. Fletcher, Past District Deputy, F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, Nelson H. Millard, Secretary of the State Association, and A. D. King and Charles Doetschman, Past Exalted Rulers of Aurora Lodge. A program of entertainment rounded out the evening.

At Evanston Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience, and received an ovation at

the conclusion of his address. Again he presided over the installation of the Lodge's new officers. Some weeks later the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed into Indiana to attend the meeting of the Central Indiana Elks Association at the Home of Marion Lodge. Judge Thompson and Grand Secretary Masters were met at Fort Wayne by officers of the Lodge there and of other Lodges in the surrounding territory, and was conducted on brief calls to the Homes of Fort Wayne and Huntington Lodges, from where Mayor Edwards and a motor escort accompanied them to the Home of Marion Lodge. The evening was devoted to a dance and social gathering. The following morning the Degree Team of Hartford City, Ind., Lodge initiated a group of candidates after which a luncheon was served in honor of the visitors. Following the meal the Grand Exalted Ruler made a stirring address to the more than 200 Indiana Elks present. A business meeting in the afternoon closed the convention. Reports showed that the Central District will list a gain in membership over last year and that Anderson Lodge in particular will stand out in this regard. Well-known Elks who were present at the meeting included, besides those mentioned, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Edwin Lowenthal, Raymond F. Thomas and James J. Patchell; William C. Groehl, Secretary of the State Elks Association, C. J. Joel, Vice-President, and C. E. Thompson, Tiler.

## News of the State Associations

### Arizona

THE Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Arizona State Elks Association was held at Winslow, Arizona, on April 28 and 29, with President W. S. Thompson, of Kingman Lodge, No. 468, presiding. Attended by delegates of ten of the fifteen Arizona Lodges the meeting was one of the most successful in recent years, although Winslow's geographical location required some delegates to travel as much as two days in order to reach the convention city. Many of the delegates reached Winslow in time to attend the regular meeting of Winslow Lodge, No. 536, Thursday evening, April 27, at which time the degree team of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, functioned. At this meeting a substantial sum was raised for the benefit of the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson, Arizona. Convention business largely centered around this Elks Hospital sponsored by the Association, the convention reapproving the continuance of the

hospital operation as an Arizona Association activity. Jacob Gunst and Merrit Starkweather, of Tucson Lodge, No. 385, were given a vote of thanks for their untiring efforts in the hospital work. The predominance of Elk patients from other States brought considerable comment in relation to the charitable work done by the Hospital.

Officers elected for the 1933-34 year were Joe F. Mayer, Globe Lodge, No. 489, President; E. R. Hicks, Bisbee Lodge, No. 671, First Vice-President; A. F. Switzer, Winslow Lodge, Second Vice-President; Carl G. Krock, Kingman Lodge, Third Vice-President; John W. Wagner, Phoenix Lodge, Treasurer; Peter E. Howell, Tucson Lodge, R. I. Winn, Yuma Lodge, No. 476, and Ross H. Cunningham, Jerome Lodge, No. 1361, Trustees. D. E. Rienhardt, Globe Lodge, was appointed Secretary.

Lavish entertainment was provided by Winslow Lodge. The banquet, held at

beautiful La Posada Hotel, was attended by 200 Elks and their ladies. The Annual Ball followed at the Home of Winslow Lodge. The ladies were guests at a bridge-luncheon Saturday noon, and cars were available for trips to the scenic points of interest, such as the Petrified Forest and Painted Desert. An informal dance at the Lodge Home concluded the social events.

### Ohio

The Ohio Lodges feel that they can keep the membership better informed and maintain interest at a higher pitch by having the State Association meet twice a year. In pursuance of this policy the third Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Association was held at the Home of Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 93, on April 29 and 30, and was attended by 350 delegates and their ladies. Saturday afternoon was devoted to the various committee meetings. In the

(Continued on page 48)



When Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge, witnessed the initiation of the "State President's Class"





## ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors

# The Elks National Golf Tournament

By J. H. Hamilton

Elks Fifth National Golf Tournament  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Starting—July 17th. 8.00 A. M.

- A 54-hole Doyle and Championship Event.
- A 36-hole team event.
- A 36-hole Handicap events—4 Classes—A, B, C, and D.

Low 16 eligible to continue on Wednesday for Doyle Trophy and Individual championship. Come prepared to play at least 36 holes.

There is no entry fee, just pay your green fees as you play. Win if you can and take home a prize worth while.

The team A 36-hole, 4-man aggregate score gross. The handicap events A, B, C, & D—36 holes. Winners in case of ties to be declared by lowest handicap.

If you play on a team you are also eligible for Handicap prizes as you take your handicap before starting play, which places you in a class, but your handicap does not count in the team as that is gross score, no handicap.

Low 16 players regardless of class can continue for the Doyle Trophy, but this means a low gross score, not net.

Each individual will choose his own handicap before starting play, based on a 72 par golf course.

Each team must be selected before starting play and must start on Monday, July 17th.

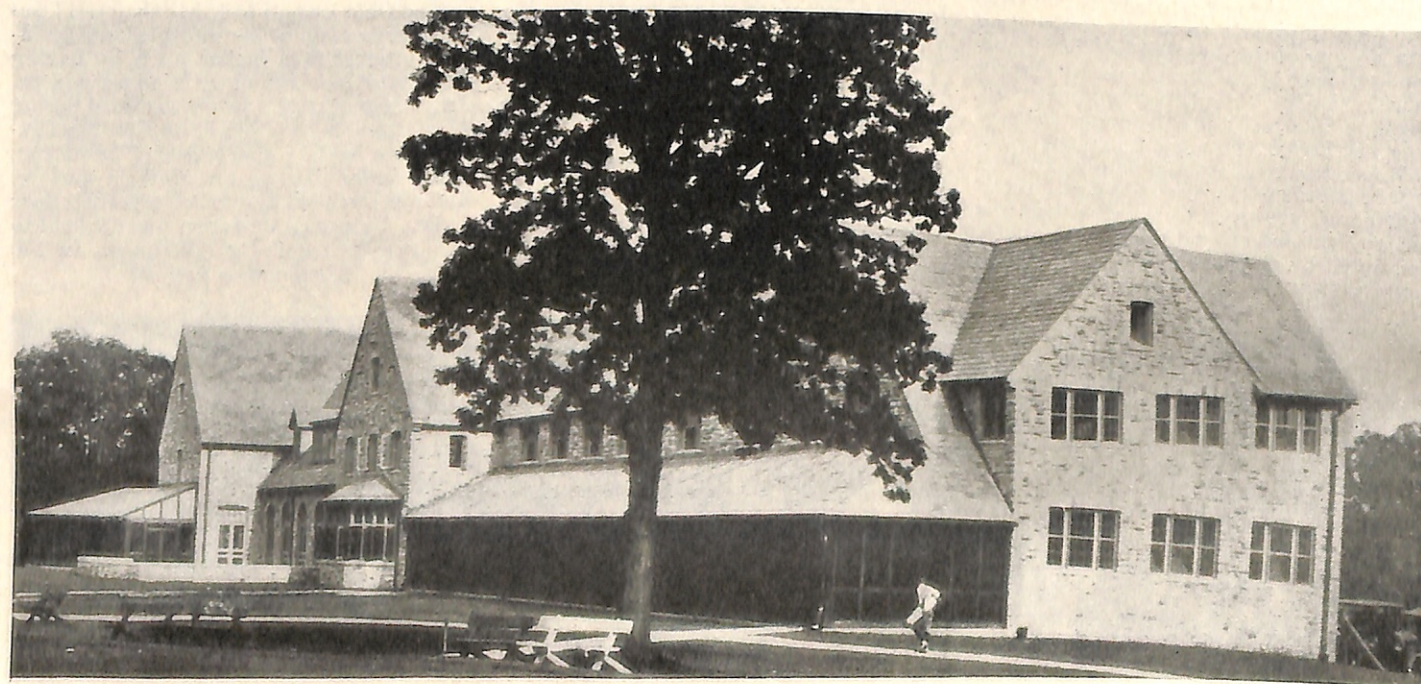
The starting time is 8:00 A. M. Monday, July 17th continuing all day for those participating in the Tournament and carried through Tuesday and Wednesday. If you fill out entry blank, with time the Committee can expect you, and you report to Starting Committee one-half hour before starting, you will be allowed to start at the time you desired. This will help to relieve congestion and confusion in starting.

No person can win more than one prize except the winner of the Doyle Trophy flight. Prizes will be awarded at the Elks Club on Wednesday evening.

### PRIZES

Team event—Winner and runner up	
Doyle " " " 2 runners up	
A " " 2 low gross—2 low net	
B " " " " " "	
C " " " " " "	
D " " 1 " " 3 " "	

Indicate your team and class if you are playing both or if you have no team select your handicap and mail to GEORGE MCBRIDE, Chairman, National Golf Committee, so he can get an idea of how many will be present. Also do not fail to take your card.



Club house on the Blue Mound Golf Course in Milwaukee, where the Elks National Championship will be held





ABOVE snapshot is of Percy White and a "Stingray" caught at the entrance of Tomales Bay in Marin County, California. A 16 oz. rod and 18 strand cuttyhunk line was used, with steel wire leader. Mr. White says, "When you hook one of these monsters you connect with a cross between a bucking broncho and a runaway freight train, and after you have hooked on, you are afraid the line might break and he will get away, for you have to fight them with main strength, but after about 30 minutes of this you wish the line would break before he takes it all with him. We took a camera to prove our story if there was to be one. This one we estimated at 150 pounds or better, and two smaller ones, 80 and 50. Also some sharks. The Stingray, or Stingray as they are sometimes called, have no teeth but upper and lower crushers with which they crush oysters and clams, and are a menace to the oyster beds. They have a tail like a pig and a sharp horn near the butt which they raise to sting with." Sounds like fun to us.



MAX BERGFELD and Roy Campbell, members of Seguin, Texas, No. 1220, with two deer killed last season in Guadalupe County, Texas. Mr. Bergfeld is City Marshal of Seguin and devotes his spare time to hunting and fishing. The boy in the picture is Max Bergfeld, Jr.



BIG Mouth Bass fishing at Coolidge Lake, Arizona, affords all the fun you could wish for, writes Fred Layne, Prescott, No. 330, and backs up his statement with the above snapshot. Accompanying Mr. Layne are Don Donahue (left) and Mrs. Layne.

There goes  
another  
"look-up" shot



The first three holes  
are behind you—  
played as a pro might

play them—every one in par. And then you start looking up—  
dub shot after shot. You simply can't keep your head down no  
matter how hard you try.

Why? Because you've lost the "feel" of your clubs—and with  
it your confidence. Of course you look up! You can't help it.

Nothing is quite so important in golf as that distinctive "feel"  
that tells you right where the clubhead is throughout your swing.

And MACGREGORS have it—both Woods and Irons. They are  
so perfectly balanced that they never allow you to forget for a  
minute that it is the *head* of the club that must do the work.

The 1933 MACGREGOR Woods and Irons, with their specially  
tempered shafts, newly designed heads and the patented Neu-  
tralizer, combine the sweet feel and action of tough, springy hick-  
ory with the endurance and strength of steel. They are the finest  
clubs that MACGREGOR player-craftsmen know how to build.  
And now you can have genuine MACGREGORS for as little as \$2.00

each. The Crawford,  
McGregor & Canby  
Co., Dayton, Ohio.

MACGREGOR

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF



# Inquest

(Continued from page 8)

"Yes, sir. The solicitor's gentleman left the library a few moments after I did. There were standing instructions never to disturb Mr. Hentish until Miss Mavey woke him at 4.30. To-day the bell pealed violently, and on my entering the library Miss Mavey informed me that Mr. Hentish was dead. I remained in the room until the doctor's arrival."

The solicitor's clerk was called.

"Your firm had instructions from Mr. Hentish by telephone this morning, I understand, to draft out a new will?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were shown into the library on your arrival. What happened?"

"I read Mr. Hentish the new draft, which he approved with one alteration. He rang for the butler and we both witnessed the signature."

"Did it strike you there was anything in Mr. Hentish's manner to suggest he contemplated suicide?"

"Difficult to say, sir."

"And after you had signed the will?"

"I remained with Mr. Hentish ten minutes or so. He wished to discuss a matter of income tax. I then left the library and went and sat in the garden until train time, as is my custom."

"You've been here before, then? On the same errand?"

"Usually, sir."

"Mr. Hentish was in the habit of changing his will?"

"Yes, sir."

"Often?"

"Seven times in the last ten years, sir."

There was a silence. The butler was called again.

"I find a memorandum on Mr. Hentish's desk. Twiller and Dwight, Thursday at 12. Can you explain this?"

"His tailors, sir. He told me to telephone and have a fitter sent down to-morrow at twelve."

"When did he give this order?"

"At breakfast, sir."

"Then as late as the breakfast hour he was obviously not contemplating suicide. Was he in a bad or good mood?"

"Mr. Hentish was never exactly sunny-tempered, sir, but he seemed average."

"It was only after he received the telegram that his mood changed for the worse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. William came down from London last night, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he appear on good terms with his uncle?"

"He seemed slightly nervous at dinner, if I may say so, but trying to be pleasant, I thought, sir."

"You say he hasn't been in all day?"

"Oh yes, sir. He returned this afternoon, but went out again."

"This afternoon! At what time?"

"Well, sir, I noticed his car in the drive when I passed through the hall to witness the signature, sir. That would be about 2.30, and it was still there when Miss Mavey rang, but when I opened the front door to the doctor about fifteen minutes later it had gone."

In the silence the smell of pickles became sharper. All our chairs creaked. The same idea had suddenly occurred to everybody.

"Did Mr. William know of the arrival of the telegram?"

"No, sir, he had already left when it came."

There was another silence.

"Then he didn't know that Mr. Hentish intended changing his will or that Mr.—Mr.—that the solicitor was sending down a representative?"

"No, sir."

People are funny; they can see a man every day for twenty years, know his face, manner-

isms, idiosyncracies, but they've only to hear that his wife has left him, that he's shot his mother, and they'll stand for hours waiting for a glimpse of him.

PRACTICALLY all of us at the inquest had seen Mr. William Hentish frequently during the last two years, some longer; and none of us had ever been particularly elated at the sight, yet when the front door banged as Croucher stopped speaking, and footsteps echoed on the polished floor of the hall, all the eyes in the room turned and became fixed on the handle of the mahogany door. There were people in that room to my certain knowledge, notably the butler and myself, whose day ordinarily could be made simply by not seeing Mr. William Hentish, yet as his footsteps echoed nearer, the drone of a solitary bluebottle in the room seemed like the roar of an aeroplane in the silence. Our chairs creaked as each of us leaned forward and became still.

The footsteps stopped, the handle turned, and our chairs creaked sharply once again.

I don't know exactly what change we all expected to see in William Hentish, but I remember a feeling of vague disappointment as he stood in the doorway looking just the same as when I had last seen him. When he was told of his uncle's death, and the manner of it, he seemed surprised.

I've often wondered why magistrates and coroners ask the questions they do. Mr. Duffy knew William Hentish as well as I did, he'd been splashed often enough with mud from his car in the winter in our narrow village street, yet the next fifteen minutes were entirely taken up with proving his identity.

The questions seemed to go on endlessly. William Hentish wore his customary look of not caring much for the smell of those immediately about him, but he gave his answers quietly and without emotion. He said that he had returned soon after lunch, gone straight through the hall on to the lawn to the boathouse. He sat there until the stable clock struck 4.30, then returned to the house, intending to go in and see his uncle, who, he knew, would be awake by then. He didn't go in because when he reached the hall the library door was ajar.

POLICE-CONSTABLE Perker, the official recorder at the inquest, was taking down notes in longhand. A hollow moan was his signal that the pace was too much for him and the questions would cease until he caught up. Presently the coroner continued:—

"Through the open door you say you heard Miss Mavey telephone Dr. Mellan? But why should this stop you from seeing your uncle?"

"I thought he had probably had another attack and wouldn't want to see me just then."

"I understand you were not here when the telegram arrived."

"Telegram?"

The coroner turned to Perker. "Constable, please read out the telegram."

Police-constable Perker first got his notes up to date, then there was a roll of drums as he cleared his throat.

"Telegram to John Hentish, Langley Abbey, Langley, Norfolk. Subject secretly married to Muriel Demar yesterday 2 P. M. Duke Street register office. Awaiting instructions. Signed Ross."

All our eyes were on William Hentish. I think he became a little more rigid and a pulse throbbed in his temple. The cruet-stand on the table rattled like an express train as Constable Perker settled down to his notes again.

"Is the information correct, Mr. Hentish?"

"Yes."

"You were not aware that your uncle had your movements watched?"

"No."

"You were married secretly, I presume, because you felt Miss Demar would not have been your uncle's choice of a wife for you?"

William Hentish flushed. "My uncle was a difficult man. He disapproved of whatever he hadn't arranged himself. My wife was a chorus girl. In time he would have come round, he always did."

"And in the meantime?"

"He would have forbidden me the house for a month or two, I suppose."

"And cut you off in this will?"

"Probably."

"Supposing he had died before reinstating you in the will?"

William Hentish smiled.

"That is a remote contingency now."

There was an angry moan from Constable Perker, who spelt by ear and preferred words that he had heard before.

"You haven't seen this gentleman before, then?"

Mr. Duffy pointed out the solicitor's clerk, who coughed discreetly. William Hentish looked at him, then turned back to the coroner.

"Not consciously. Who is he?"

"He was sent down on your uncle's instructions from Troubridge and Hay with the draft of a new will."

William Hentish turned quickly to the clerk.

"Did my uncle sign it?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask the contents of the new will, the existing one?"

The clerk managed to clear his throat in the form of a question to the coroner, who nodded back an answer.

"Mr. Hentish left his entire fortune to cancer research."

"And the former will? The one he revoked?" the coroner asked.

"Everything to his nephew, William Hentish."

While the clerk was speaking William Hentish sat silent, except that a pulse hammered again in his temple. By chance he caught the cook's eye. I saw him start. She was so obviously a woman who hadn't murdered her uncle looking at a man who had murdered his. And I think it was only then that he realized the danger of the case building up against him.

He had known his uncle would disapprove of a marriage which could probably not remain secret long. He had known his uncle's precarious state of health, had often prepared John Hentish's sal volatile for him, and knew about the morphia. He had only to walk into the library from the garden. He would know from experience that his uncle's rage at being disturbed in the middle of the afternoon would be enough to bring on an attack; and as he had often done before, he would get old Hentish some sal volatile from the bathroom, this time with a generous helping of morphia. Perhaps he had stood with curiosity watching his uncle gulp it down, had seen the purple settle under the eyes, then picking up his book, had walked quietly back to the boathouse. Perhaps he had even sat there reading until the stable clock chimed.

THE coroner spoke.

"You say, Mr. Hentish, that you didn't leave the garden until you heard the clock strike?"

Until then William Hentish had answered the questions put to him abruptly and with an appearance of indifference. Now the answers became more hesitant, and he paused before he spoke. He was already on the defensive. Our chairs creaked as we leant forward for his answer.

"No."



"You didn't go near the library the whole afternoon?"

"No."

"But you could have. Without being observed. Isn't that so, Mr. Hentish?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I repeat I didn't."

The cook's sniff re-echoed round the room, which had become nearly dark. Our faces were now only a blurred outline, and a cold breeze rustled Constable Perker's notes. The stable clock clanged eight.

"Then we have only your word for it that you sat in the boathouse all afternoon, Mr. Hentish?"

"I'm afraid so."

There was a silence. Suddenly the solicitor's clerk cleared his throat and spoke.

"It is quite true what Mr. Hentish says with regard to his movements. I can substantiate that. Directly I left Mr. Hentish I went and sat under the cedar tree whilst waiting my train time. I noticed young Mr. Hentish sitting in the boathouse smoking. I don't think he saw me, but his statement is correct. He never left there until the stable clock struck."

Human nature is weird. Instead of a deep sense of thankfulness that a fellow-creature's hands were not stained with the blood of another fellow-creature, I think that everyone in that room, with perhaps the exception of the Coroner, who saw a chance of getting home to a hot mustard bath, after all, felt aggrieved that William Hentish's hands were not stained with blood. Probably it was because anyone with an eye for drama could see that William Hentish was perfect for the rôle of a villain, an aggressive manner, tall, with a black moustache and large white teeth. His hands *should* have been stained with his uncle's blood, he looked better that way, it suited him. Speaking for myself, preferring, as I do, like the rest of mankind, to believe the worst of my fellow-men, I felt that if he had not murdered his uncle, it was simply because he didn't happen to think of it.

After we had recovered from our natural disappointment, Croucher lit the gas brackets, and the questions, innumerable and interminable, began again. The clerk could add nothing, he could only say that he had seen Mr. Hentish sitting as he had said in the boathouse the whole afternoon. The butler was called again, so were Miss Mavey, still at bay, and I. The question of the morphia arose.

"Might not Mr. Hentish's insistence," Mr. Duffy asked the room in general, "on the presence of morphia easily accessible, be attributed, apart from its properties in the alleviation of pain, to his possible contemplation of self-destruction?"

Constable Perker put down his pencil.

"That's coming it too hot for me, sir. Can I put it in my own words? You mean, did he pop himself off, sir?"

The questions and answers continued, but the evidence of a completely disinterested witness was too overwhelming, and on a statement from Miss Mavey that the old man had often spoken wholeheartedly in favor of self-slaughter (actually, I think, he was advocating it for her and not for himself), the Coroner, as the stable clock clanged nine, brought in a verdict of suicide while of an unsound mind.

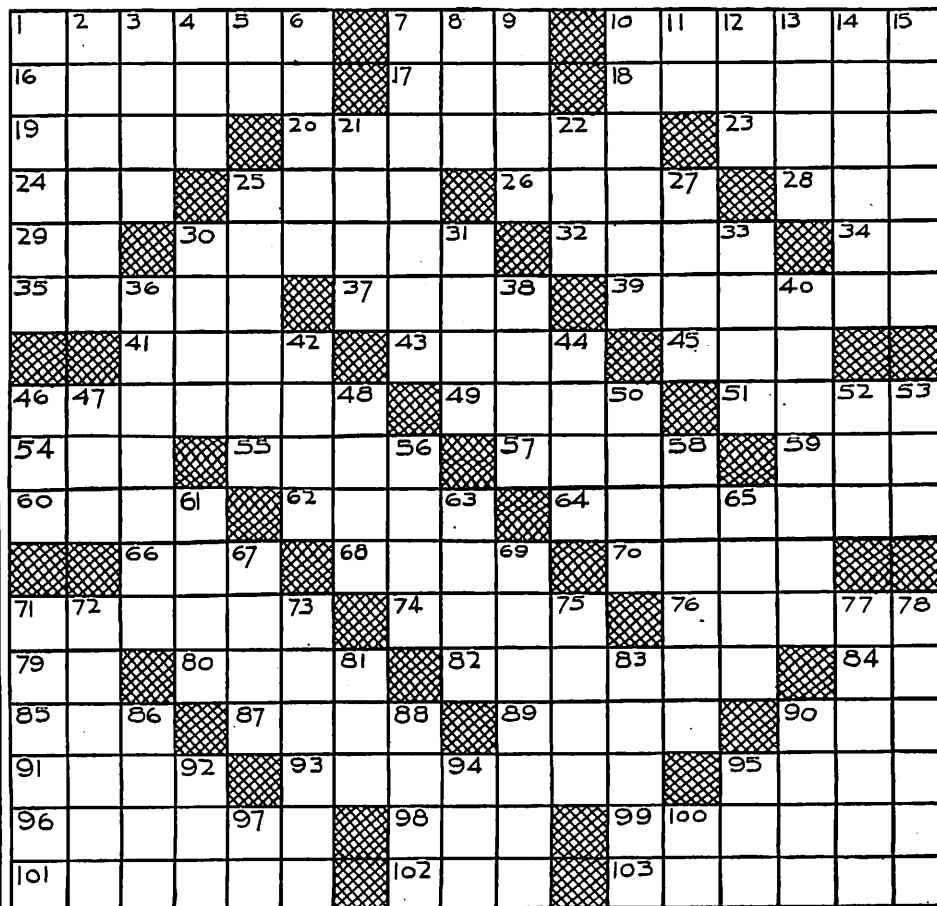
I didn't see whether William Hentish spoke to the little clerk in the dining-room or not, but he walked, frowning, across the hall as if it were empty, through the huddled group of servants, past the rest of us without a sign or word; the front door slammed, his motor roared and whined, and he was gone.

The presence of death does strange things to a place. As we stood in a group near the front door, making arrangements for the following day, the hall seemed lifeless and cold, our footsteps and voices had a hollow sound; somehow the windows reminded me of staring, dead black eyes, for the curtains had not been drawn. The gas jet droned and made the shadows of the stag's head and horns flicker and leap jerkily across the ceiling. A steady draught from an open door edged behind the

(Continued on page 40)

# Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



## Across

- 1—Nape of the neck
- 7—Cover
- 10—Regal dwelling
- 16—Belonging to a choir
- 17—Ventilate
- 18—Lover
- 19—Check
- 20—Cereal food
- 23—Brazilian state
- 24—Small boring tool
- 25—Matron
- 26—Belgian river
- 28—Twice, in music
- 29—17th Hebrew letter
- 30—Sowing together of a wound
- 32—A continent
- 34—Japanese measure
- 35—Extract
- 37—Lease
- 39—Rumpled
- 41—Wallow
- 43—Performs
- 45—Attempt
- 46—Common field weed
- 49—Observes
- 51—Jason's ship
- 54—Unreduced metal

## Down

- 55—Rostrum
- 57—Let it stand!
- 59—Scotch form of John
- 60—Curve
- 62—Sharp
- 64—Prepare
- 66—For the negative side
- 68—Profound
- 70—Hole in a barrel
- 71—Modes
- 74—Brawl
- 76—Fixed look
- 79—A b r a h a m's birthplace
- 80—Recent
- 82—Folds
- 84—Hebrew god
- 85—Dance step
- 87—Weed
- 89—Members of a fish
- 90—A wing
- 91—Patron saint of lawyers
- 93—Squatters
- 95—Way out
- 96—Sea-nymph
- 98—Swiss river
- 99—Tempt
- 101—Chooses
- 102—States of prosperity
- 103—Scorches slightly at the fire

## Down

- 1—Perplexing situation
- 2—Masticated
- 3—Stir up
- 4—Or n a m e n t a l vase
- 5—Note of the scale
- 6—Be buoyed up
- 7—Provided entertainment
- 8—Intent
- 9—Booty
- 10—Most pallid
- 11—Brief paid notice
- 12—Strike off
- 13—Nomad
- 14—Shade of red
- 15—Obliterated
- 21—River of China
- 22—Hebrew healer
- 25—Fought an affair of honor
- 27—Public disorder
- 30—Flat-bottomed boat
- 31—Bible character of great age
- 33—Imponderable emanation
- 36—Pressing need
- 38—Little mounds
- 40—The lilac
- 42—Dribble away

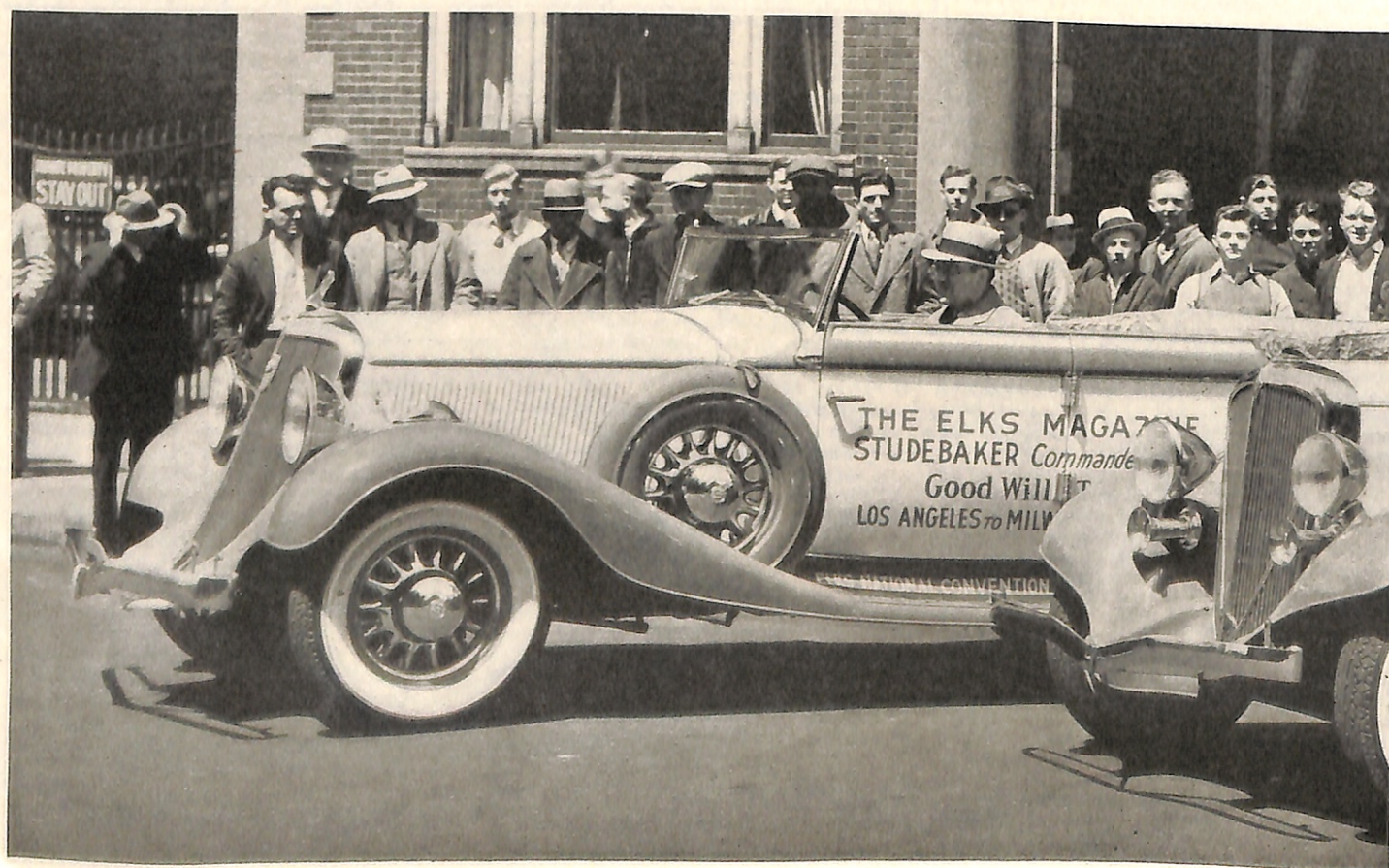
- 44—A bristle
- 46—Pillage
- 47—Unit of metric system
- 48—Became defunct
- 50—A European
- 52—Silence violently
- 53—A unit
- 56—Soothsayer
- 58—Estates managed for others
- 61—Child's toy
- 63—Very low tide
- 65—Emmets
- 67—Tidy
- 69—Steals by petty theft
- 71—Prostrate
- 72—Journey
- 73—Stops
- 75—Den
- 77—Widow
- 78—Exalts spiritually
- 81—Before
- 83—Inlay
- 86—Withered
- 88—Jacob's brother (Bible)
- 90—Axle
- 92—Dry as in wines
- 94—Faucet
- 95—Greek letter
- 97—Neuter pronoun
- 100—Negative

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 46



# Watch for the *Couriers*

THREE TWO-CAR TEAMS...EACH COMPRISING  
ONE STUDEBAKER AND ONE ROCKNE...ARE  
TRAVERSING AMERICA HEADING FOR MIL-  
WAUKEE AND THE NATIONAL CONVENTION





# Elks of Good Will!

**A** GAIN this year, Studebaker-built automobiles are the Elks Couriers of Good Will. Again records of economy and trouble-free performance are sure to be set. And again, as in three previous Good Will Tours, Elks the nation over will see the latest developments of Studebaker engineering in automobiles that brilliantly justify their proud title of "Champions."

The superb Commander Eight in each of the two-car teams is that sensation of sensations, a



car so nearly automatic *it all but drives itself*.

It starts automatically—stays started automatically—automatically does its own adjusting of spark, carburetor and choke—automatically converts the roughest roads into smooth pavements—and automatically stops at the touch of the toe tip with Power Brakes, the great advancement of the year.

The sensational Rockne Six represents Studebaker's introduction of quality construction into the low priced field. Built by Studebaker, Rockne is a Studebaker in everything but name. It performs under all conditions like a much costlier car. It has the upholstery and the advanced equipment of a car priced \$200 more.

And mind you, every Automatic Studebaker has every advancement you will find in the Commander Eights that are in the Elks Good Will Tour.

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## STUDEBAKER

*Automatic Automobiles . . . \$840*

and up, f. o. b. factory

## ROCKNE SIX

*Built by Studebaker. . . . \$585*

and up, at the factory



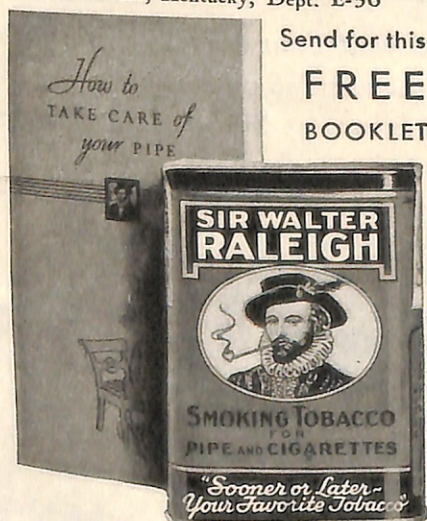
## Why rope 'em when you can dope 'em?



NO WONDER that cow was cowed! Brother, there isn't a steer in Texas that could stand up under the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument we ever heard for strong, heavy tobacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in the cow punching game—and out of it—should smoke good, mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter Raleigh's Burley mixture, for example. There's a smoke that's as mild as a prairie evening, but there's flavor in it... rich... full bodied... satisfying... and kept fresh in gold foil. On your next trip to your tobacco store make this resolution... "Smoke the tobacco that has become a national favorite."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. E-36



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

(Continued from page 37)

tapestry, bellying it out till a naked old satyr leaned amorously towards Miss Mavey. She stood gazing after William Hentish.

"Think of losing a fortune, all that money wasted on charity!"

She sighed and sneezed. The solicitor's clerk put down his satchel and helped her on with her coat.

"It won't be wasted," he said, gently.

A car drew up to the door, the Coroner looked at his watch and turned to the clerk.

"That will be the car to take you to the station, I think. Thank you for your evidence. We shall need you again, I'm afraid. I'll communicate with you in a day or so."

The clerk picked up his satchel and coat and hat.

"I shall be at your convenience, sir. Good night, gentlemen."

THE screech of the engine's whistle jerked me awake. I must have dozed for about two hours, because the train was already rattling over the points approaching Cranham Junction. My back was numb from lying so long in one position, huddled in my overcoat. I stretched myself. The clerk was still opposite, sitting stiffly erect, his worn gloves neatly buttoned over his wrists, his satchel by his side. I leaned forward.

"You don't remember me?"

"Indeed, yes, sir. It is Dr. Mellan. I had the pleasure at the inquest at Langley Abbey." He coughed. "The Abbey is still for sale, I understand."

"Yes. Quite deserted. I often wander over there; I've known the place all my life, you know."

I yawned.

"So the Hentish fortune went to charity after all. I wonder young William didn't contest the will. He would have had a case—uncertain temper of the old man, suicide while of unsound mind, etc."

"I suppose he was afraid he might be reaccused of murder, sir. There was only my word for it that he didn't leave the boathouse. My word between him and a certain accusation of murder with strong motives for it."

"He's gone ahead, they say."

"To South America, sir. His mother left him a piece of property in the Argentine. He is doing well, I understand, sir. Mr. Troubridge, head of my firm, sir, says it has been the making of him."

"He'd have only gambled the money away if he'd had it. He promised to be as hard and selfish as his uncle was. It's funny—though he altered his will so often, I always thought old Hentish meant his nephew to have the money in the end. I thought he just enjoyed frightening William by disinheriting him."

"A sense of power, sir?"

"Yes, the idea of doing good always seemed to sicken him. Odd, he loathed humanity, yet he will be remembered as one of its great benefactors. All that money to cancer research."

I leaned forward.

"It's curious," I said, "that no one has ever noticed that you can't see the boathouse from the cedar tree. The willows screen it from view. I've often wondered if you planned it or whether it was on an impulse."

The lights flickered as the train rattled through a tunnel. The little clerk coughed.

"Purely impulse, sir. In a small way I am a student of literature, and it has always struck me as curious that it is generally considered the unhappy ending if charity gets the money instead of the dissolute young heir. An alternative to be averted at all costs. The book I am reading now, sir, deals with a missing will. The hero is at the moment lying handcuffed and gagged on a deserted wharf."

"And the tide is rising?"

"Swiftly, sir. He has three hours till midnight, in which to find a certain paper, otherwise his aunt's fortune reverts to charity."

"And he finds it in time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'd have ended it differently?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a silence.

"I've always wanted to know when the idea occurred to you," I said.

He coughed.

"Mr. Hentish's days were obviously numbered, sir. When he was signing the will I thought what a fine thing it would be if he should die before a change of heart. Otherwise, I knew I should soon be down at the Abbey to alter the will again in young Mr. Hentish's favor, and I knew him too well to hope that anyone but himself and the book-makers would benefit by the money. Too like his uncle, sir."

"I suppose old Hentish started talking about William and got into a rage at having been deceived over the wedding. That would bring on one of his attacks."

"Yes, sir. His face got purple and his lips went white. I stood watching him, hoping it might be fatal. He told me to go and pour him out a glass of medicine from the bottle on the table in the bathroom. The directions were on the bottle, he said. I'm a little short-sighted, sir; it took me a little while to get my bearings. When I got my reading glasses on the first thing that caught my eye was the phial labelled morphia, and while he was yelling at me from the library, I opened the cupboard door, took out the morphia, and poured it into the glass of medicine. He took the glass from me. 'You damn fool,' he said, and drank it down."

"Swallowed it too quickly to suspect anything, I suppose?"

"He just drew a deep breath, closed his eyes, and leaned back in the chair. I went into the bathroom and wiped my fingerprints off everything, which I understand is the correct procedure in murder. Then I returned to the library, collected my papers and replaced them in my brief case. Mr. Hentish sat perfectly still. I don't know whether he was breathing or not. When everything was in order I went out into the hall, closing the library door quietly behind me. I rang the bell for Mr. Croucher, and told him I should remain in the garden till my train time. 'Is the old screw quiet?' he asked me, and I said he was."

"Did it occur to you that William Hentish might be accused?"

"No, sir; the fact that the will was not in his favor seemed to preclude that. I didn't know he was unaware of my presence at the Abbey, or the reason for it."

"I suppose you saw him cross the lawn to the boathouse?"

"No, sir, I didn't. I must have been dozing at the time. I took a chance on corroborating his story. It was the least I could do, I thought, sir."

"Do you never feel a twinge of remorse about it?"

He looked surprised.

"Remorse! The money went to cancer research, sir. Have you read their last report? They've made great strides forward. Remorse! Oh no, sir. I've too great a regard for human life for that."

The train quivered as the brakes checked the engine's speed, and the clerk peered out of the window. "This will be my station, I think." He gathered up the evening paper and his brief case. As the train groaned to a standstill a porter flung the door open and the fog belled into the carriage.

"Cranham Junction. All change for Kedam, Stukely, Rye, and Wyming. All change," he chanted. "Any baggage, sir?"

"No, thank you." He turned to me. "I've enjoyed our conversation very much, sir. I wish you good night."

THERE is no silence more complete than the silence which follows the cessation of machinery. It intensifies all other sounds, the hiss of escaping steam, the clank and rattle of milk cans and the muffled chant of the porter. "All ch-aa-nn-ge." Suddenly the engine throbs, there is a jerk and a scraping as the wheels turn.



Green lights, red lights, porters, old women, solicitors' clerks, loom large in the mist for a second through the moisture on the window-panes; the scraping of the wheels becomes more rhythmic, takes on a deeper whine; and the train rolls you on beyond them all.

## Absalom Grimes, Rebel Spy and Mail Runner

(Continued from page 19)

currency proved greater than his fears. At a bid of \$875 he moved forward to join Loudin. They gave false names and said they were from Zanesville.

With the bounty money in their pockets they were marched with other recruits to Camp Morton. No guard was put over them. They wandered about the camp for a few hours, estimated its numbers, deserted before taps sounded that night in their rooms in an Indianapolis hotel. On to Louisville, they put up at the Galt House in style and spent greenbacks regardlessly. While they were amusing themselves in town placards were posted stating that the United States authorities had discovered the existence of an irregular mail service between the Confederate army and the river cities, and that a reward of \$2,000 was offered for the chief of the mail-runners, who was believed to be Absalom Grimes. He was described but not accurately, as he looked now. Grimes couldn't see that he was in any new danger. The St. Louis mail had been shipped, boxed, to Louisville. Loudin smuggled it South. Grimes had another mission; to St. Louis to escort escaped prisoners in safety.

THE latter were Captain Hampton Boone and Lieutenant Walter Scott, who after a prison-break had been hidden away in the city. For the success of his plan Grimes relied on the aid of Sam Bowen of the Hannibal trio, who had ceased to be a warrior, taken the oath of allegiance and resumed the duties of a pilot. He was on the steamer *G. W. Graham*, of which an elder brother was captain. Sam was willing and promised that his brother would not be too watchful. Boone and Scott went aboard as farmer passengers. Grimes lugged freight as a roustabout. At Wolf River above Memphis, the steamer slowed down and the refugees clambered into a lowered boat and rowed ashore. Entering Memphis from the countryside, another shelter awaited them. Partly by land and partly by river, Grimes conducted his companions to their regiments at Jackson, Mississippi. He had borne mail as well.

When he reached Memphis again, he retraced a portion of the route to take the wife of a Confederate officer to General Price at Tupelo. A young woman, Emma Selby of the vicinity of Memphis, brought his horse and buggy to the starting point. When he returned from Price's camp to her father's house with more mail, she volunteered to lighten his task by acting as convoy to Louisville. So he risked the railroad and traveled without luggage in one coach while the girl kept the heavy bags with her in another car. After that Miss Selby visited frequently at Louisville and the band had another competent member.

It was just as well that the organization was working automatically. Grimes himself was arrested as he was boarding a steamer at St. Louis. He had barely time to throw his weighted mail into the river and tear up his tissue paper military notes. No one had betrayed him. An unusually vigilant guard had become suspicious of the heavy carpet bag and asked to have it opened. The mail bag was dredged from the river. The evidence was complete, including his identification as Absalom Grimes. He was tried, received a spy's death sentence and was sent to Gratiot prison to await execution. It was reckoned that he had about ten days to live.

The interval was enough for salvation. He

(Continued on page 42)

# THE LAPSATION COMMITTEE Reports!



... and then I used Postal Telegraph ... sent Postal Telegrams to every man on the list ... pleading for his support ... appealing to his sense of loyalty ... and the magic that gets instant attention for a Postal Telegram where the average letter merely gets a wastebasket, *won out!*

• • •

Postal Telegraph is the only American telegraph company that offers a world-wide service of coordinated telegraph, cable and radio communications under a single management. Through the great International System of which Postal Telegraph is a part, it reaches Europe, Asia, The Orient over Commercial Cables; Central America, South America and the West Indies over All America Cables; and ships at sea via Mackay Radio.



**Suggestion to all lodges:**

**Use POSTAL TELEGRAPH More!**

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

## Postal Telegraph

Commercial  
Cables



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All America  
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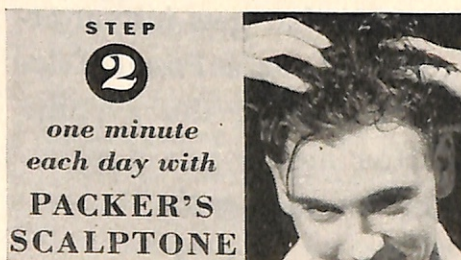


# This <sup>one</sup>/<sub>two</sub> treatment STOPS DANDRUFF



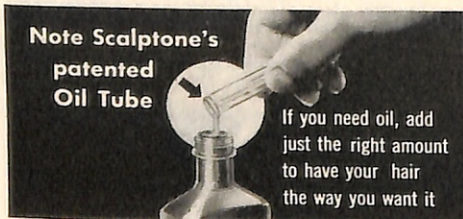
**STEP  
1**  
a few minutes  
each week with  
**PACKER'S  
TAR SOAP**

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich piney lather. Packer's Tar Soap contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.



**STEP  
2**  
one minute  
each day with  
**PACKER'S  
SCALPTONE**

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub it in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up the scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy and happy, too!



**Note Scalptone's  
patented  
Oil Tube**

If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It is the only tonic that is adjustable. In the neck of every bottle there is a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

## AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you aren't satisfied—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

# PACKER'S

## Dandruff Treatment

① PACKER'S TAR SOAP

② PACKER'S SCALPTONE

(Continued from page 41)

proved it so. Gratiot prison, though stoutly stockaded, was a medley of buildings not meant for their present use. Grimes was confined in a portion that had once been a private dwelling. He was placed in an upper chamber, handcuffed and a thirty-two pound cannon ball attached by a chain to a single anklet iron. He could walk, dragging or carrying the ball. Yet he was not as permanently anchored as appearances indicated. There were other enforced inmates of the house, not all of them held on serious charges or closely guarded. Some were women who had harbored fugitives and had been found out and penalized. Two of these, Mrs. Sappington and Mrs. Ziegler, got access to a room adjacent to the spy's cell, made a slit in the partition and talked with him in whispers. Through their aid he communicated with a prisoner, Chapman, who was allowed to exercise in the yard outside. Between them they contrived to furnish him with a butcher knife, a case knife and a short bar of iron. Finally he asked for thread, needles, yellow paper and pieces of red flannel. He did not explain the puzzling equipment.

He began with the irons. Too much confidence had been placed in their heaviness, as he had hoped. He not only was able to pry apart the hand-cuffs but fix them so he could take them off and put them back with ease. The leg chain he left alone for awhile, satisfied he could sever it with the case knife which he had hacked into a rough saw. The women sang duets whenever he worked on metal. Under his cot he dug into the wall until only one layer of wood remained. The climax had to be timed so that Chapman would be in the yard at the hour the stockade guards were changing.

Inside his cell Grimes sat for hours on his mattress, sewing with his hands and pushing with one foot the rocking chair which was the single comfortable piece of furniture in the place. The guards could hear the movement of the chair, indicating that the prisoner was not up to any silent mischief. The yellow paper was shaped into epaulets, and the red flannel into an officer's sash, a caricature of the dress of the officer of the day, passable in the dusk at a fair distance. Not until this array was ready did he saw through his leg chain. In a few minutes more he had cut through the veneer of the outer wall and on a blanket rope was swinging to earth. Chapman, who was ready, had been told to make himself an infantry jacket, or to steal one, and to bring head-gear. He had succeeded. His importance otherwise was to act as rapid pilot to the right gate.

TO the guards at the gate the two who approached through the gloom apparently were the officer of the day and an orderly going through their duties as the watch shifted. Salutes were given and the pair passed outside. Not until the real officer of the day got to the scene was the trickery realized. Grimes and Chapman had turned the corner by that time. They threw their coats and caps away and sped to the house where they were hoped for rather than expected.

Grimes, in hiding, took stock of his organization, praised it for carrying on, and added three more women to the corps—Amanda Bowen, who was Sam's sister and had the freedom of many river boats, Fannie Ballard and Jennie Rudinell. His fellow jailbreaker Chapman also enlisted with him but was killed on his first mail-running trip. The Federals were hunting hard. Soon there was other bad news. Bob Loudin was laid by the heels in military prison at Columbus, due for the extreme penalty. Grimes hurried to Columbus and was able after careful maneuvering to locate the prisoner's cell and get word to him to be at his window every evening. The jail abutted the street and there was no stockade. Grimes inflated squares of thin rubber into half a dozen balloons of toy size, bunched them around an iron cutting saw blade, and

tied a long string to their stems. On a windless night he loosed the balloons under Loudin's window and watched them rise until hands clutched them and pulled them inside. To his end of the string he attached a stronger cord, and to the latter when it was hoisted, a stout rope. Loudin, when he had sawed the window bars and tied the rope securely, came down hand over hand like a fireman. The two separated, with agreement to meet at Memphis after New Year's.

On regular run once more Grimes himself was in Memphis early in December. There at the house of Dan Able, famous for giving haven to all Confederate women expelled from the North, he was besought to take three women of consequence through the lines—Mrs. Clay Pierce, Miss Cornelia Polk and their friend, Mrs. Price and her six-year-old son. In spite of their charm Grimes knew that they were for him a load of trouble. But he promised, bidding them to be ready dressed for travel whenever he signaled. Then he walked the street, wondering how he could make good on his word.

HIS course, by chance and nothing more, led him by the Overton Hotel, which had been turned into a Federal hospital. Turning his head at sounds from the rear he saw a spick and span new ambulance draw up at the Overton entrance. He stood watching while an army doctor alighted and heard the officer order the driver to bring a box inside to an upper floor. The doctor passed into the hospital, the driver took off his coat, laid it on the seat, lifted out the box, put it on his shoulders and followed through the door. There was contrivance popping right at Grimes—rig, uniform and safe-conduct. He was on the seat and inside the driver's coat about as soon as the hospital door slammed.

He trotted the fast team to Able's horse-block, called the women and put them inside the ambulance, and drove out of town on the Hernando road. He told the pickets truthfully that he was taking banished Rebel women outside the military limits. He added untruthfully that he was obeying orders from their commander. The ambulance, itself, however, was the best pass-word. It had a natural right of way. With stops for rest at sheltering plantations he drove southward straight to Confederate headquarters at Granada, delivering the women to their men folks and the perfect ambulance to a jubilant army hospital.

His partner Loudin was waiting for him when he reentered Memphis, and so were Federal sleuths, who had picked up a clue that he was the ambulance lifter. Warning reached the two just in time. They sped into the country with pursuit not far behind. If the chase had been military they hardly could have escaped. The trackers, however, were only two civilian detectives, who did not give sufficient weight to the enmity and the wiles of the country people. Grimes and Loudin were kept so well informed that they were able, while their foes were being encouraged to eat a good farm dinner, to steal the police rig and team hitched to the post outside. The animals were fleetier than any in the farm stable and could not be overtaken. So Grimes turned over to the hospital a reserve team for the ambulance. He kept out of Memphis for awhile.

The Union blockade of Vicksburg was drawing tight by May, 1863. The Confederates inside were shut off from Northern mail and news. There were urgent messages to go to General Pemberton, the Vicksburg commander. Grimes and Loudin were asked to try to break through the cordon. Heads up, they gave the assurance that they would both get into and out of the city. They had indeed regarded the situation as a challenge before they received the summons from their superiors. They gathered the mail, took the military dispatches, went to Yazoo City and sat down to serious scheming. They agreed that the most feasible project was the most daring—the running of the river blockade past the Union fleet.



They selected a river skiff, and from the commissary department got two large kitchen saucepans. A dog owner provided them with two light dog chains. The basins were for bailing, the chains to attach them to the skiff so they would not be lost if the boat was partially submerged. They put the mail and all their papers into tin boxes, which were soldered to make them waterproof. They stapled the boxes to the flooring of the skiff with metal straps. They wrapped materials for a flare in rubber sheeting. Then they went forward to the Mississippi and waited for a dark and moonless night. Under its cover they launched the skiff at Haines Bluff. They were stripped to shirt and trousers.

Once in the current of the river, they lowered themselves into the water and tipped the little boat until it was nearly filled with water, practically invisible except under direct light and still buoyant enough to float. The river carried them for a fateful, silent hour—past the black shadows of some of the transports and war ships and the fitful lights from the decks of others. No beam picked up the line of plank scarce above the river's level. When the fleet was in the rear and the city opposite them, Grimes and Loudin bailed out the skiff with the basins and rowed directly in, signaling with the flare as soon as they came within rifle shot. Generals Cockrells, Gates and Breckenridge greeted them at the landing and as soon as they were in dry clothes took them to General Pemberton.

Over its mail Vicksburg felt as happy that night as if the invaders and their threatening gun boats had been driven away. The breaking of the blockade, even if only two men came through, was taken as an omen of victory. The siege, the defeats and the ultimate surrender in July were not foreseen. The mail runners remained in the city a week. Their own problem was to escape up-river with the important dispatches from General Pemberton and the new mail. The river current would be against them. They would have to row.

THEIR choice of tactics was a poker bluff. The tin mail boxes were fastened underneath the skiff, not inside as before. They put on Federal uniforms, set off in daylight, hugged the shore until they were across from the gunboats in mid-stream, hoped they had not been seen as yet, and pulled diagonally into the river, as if they were headed for the troop ships which lay higher up than the war craft. Soon they were among other small boats rowed by Union soldiers. After that there was nothing to attract undue attention to them. They passed the last transport and stroked leisurely shoreward, rounded a bend and still kept going. The Pemberton dispatches were safely through.

By autumn of 1863 the utility of both the Western mail and spy service had passed its peak. Vicksburg had fallen. The Mississippi River was controlled by the Federals. The Confederate battle front henceforth would be deep inland. Grimes welcomed a recall to his regiment. He was promised a quartermaster's post. The appointment had the ring of permanency and of comparative ease. He sent word into Missouri for his sweetheart, Lucy Glascock, to come to him, and arranged for women in his organization to escort her to Memphis. He would meet her there and they would marry. The honeymoon would be a real flight through the lines to Atlanta.

The journey to the Memphis tryst was to be his last venture into the dangerous city. The goal was worth the risk. He went to the city and Lucy greeted him there. A clergyman was ready to marry them. Lucy was to stay with the women friends until the appointed hour. Grimes was arrested on the street on his wedding day, victim of an accident, mistaken for another man who was being sought. The error was admitted as soon as he was brought into the station, but he could not establish the identity he had claimed for himself. He was

(Continued on page 44)

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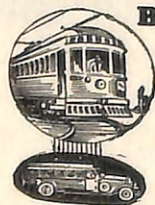
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held for inquiry and soon was recognized as the notorious Absalom Grimes. The shock was one of stunning despair, falling as it did both upon his liberty and his happiness. His only balm was the warning he had been able to give to his fiancée after his arrest. She and her friends had begun their walk to the clergyman's house and had been near enough to witness his arrest. He had signed that they were not to show that they knew him. They went by, stoically. The mail, after all, came first. The women hastened to his hotel room and took away his bags. The mail went forward.

Elated with their feat, the Federals ironed and guarded Grimes with the utmost vigilance. He was removed to St. Louis, put again into Gratiot prison, and soon placed on trial. He was sentenced to execution, but the processes of the law were not hurried and several months elapsed before the date was set for July 10, 1864. The sentiment in St. Louis, where Grimes was regarded as a hero rather than as a spy, was against the penalty and strong civilian influence was used in his behalf. As usual Grimes believed he could win his own way out. He conspired elaborately, depending upon force rather than trickery. He engineered a prison riot, with the intent of rushing the guards, getting their weapons and shooting a way out. The turmoil was raised, and some of the prisoners did break through. But Grimes was not among them. He was shot through the body and fell bleeding at the gateway. He would have been killed if a

friendly jailer had not dragged him out of the line of fire.

Yet the disaster did save his life. The doctors said he was in no state to be hanged, and when he was past the crisis of his wounds they kept on certifying that he was an invalid. Once at inspection to make a showing that they were right they dosed him in advance with ipecac. He was very sick indeed, for all to see. The hanging date went by and was not set again. Presently the sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary at Jefferson City. There he was an obstinate prisoner and was subjected to a shameful whipping. His friends outside learned of the abuse and not only made an uproar but took the case to President Lincoln. The kindly President listened and investigated. He gave Absalom Grimes, Rebel spy, a full pardon while the country was still in a state of war. The order was dated December 1, 1864. Grimes was released on December 10.

FRIENDS nursed him. Lucy Glascock married him. He was in the Union in spite of himself and willing to stay there, whatever his grief for the Lost Cause. He went piloting on the Missouri after the war. When a daughter grew up, she took stenographic notes of his war recitals and arranged them so well that the historical department of Yale University became interested, checked the data and arranged for publication. Absalom Grimes lived to read the book of his deeds.

## The Show Goes On

(Continued from page 12)

creases where threads were embedded too deeply to be reached by a knife.

The bull-tender straightened with an effort. He dropped his gun. But he gave no indication of a man in surrender.

Instead, he jerked his head as if to urge them forward. Then, with his right hand, he pointed to the cabin.

"They're inside," he said thickly. "Only one can fight . . . I shot the other. Better get off them horses!"

### CHAPTER XXIII

THERE was a slight pause. Then the Undersheriff said: "We got plenty help. Suppose you come here."

The flatfaced man glanced behind him, as if to be sure that the rocks protected him. Then slowly he sank to his knees, and with one arm supporting him, the other dragging, limp and useless, he began to move. At last, gasping, he reached them. He looked up.

"Hello, Calvert," he said jerkily.

"Who's in that cabin?" the rider asked.

"Leonard Purcell and Ed Jellicoe."

The last name was unfamiliar. Calvert queried:

"You mean Joe's partner? The lank fellow?"

"That's him. Tried to make a sneak at dawn. I knocked him down."

"Who killed the hoss?" asked the officer.

"I did. The first night. Ed's got away." He smiled faintly. "Mine did, too."

The Undersheriff raised in his saddle. He fired a shot. Calvert knew its portent; a signal to the rest of the men to dismount and come creeping forward. There was a wait. Flatiron said:

"Don't let 'em get in too close. Purcell's a good shot."

Undersheriff Felton grinned.

"Plenty o' rocks to hide behind. And they've got something to persuade with."

Flatiron smiled coldly. He moved, brushing his wounded arm against a tree. But the pain of it only showed in his eyes; already they were brilliant with fever.

"That's good," he said.

Calvert could only stare at him. His actions were self-explanatory. Leonard Purcell had

shot him that night when he had veered out of camp. And Flatiron's disappearance had been a pursuit. Why? There could be no answer now. Four widely separated shots had sounded from the rest of the posse. The men were in position.

Undersheriff Felton looked toward the silent cabin. Then he shouted:

"You in that cabin. There ain't no place to run. So come on out."

There was no answer, no shot, no sign of movement. Felton cupped his hands:

"All right, Boomer!" he yelled. "Persuade 'em a little." Then, in the wait that followed, he said tersely: "Better move back with these hosses and hold a rein on 'em."

It was done. With tightened reins they waited. Then a man's arm swung upward from behind a huge boulder. A yellow, tube-like something made a long parabola through the air, alighting some twenty feet from the cabin. Sparks spluttered. The leaves of quaking aspens suddenly trembled; air seemed to rush past the horsemen; instantly afterwards their mounts plunged in the fright of a terrific explosion. A great, gaping hole appeared in the ground before the cabin; even the body of the dead horse was thrown to one side. The door of the cabin had sagged—there was not a vestige of glass remaining now in the window. The Undersheriff stilled his horse. Duke had already calmed; he stood trembling, ears back, nostrils distended. Then Felton called again.

"Are you comin' out now, or shall we blow up the goddam cabin?"

In answer, a gray-faced, crawling man pulled himself through the doorway, reached the small step, and rolled to the ground. Behind him, dishevelled, his clothing torn from the wild ride which had brought him here, hatless, his once smooth hair ruffled, his hands straight above his head, walked Leonard Purcell. Immediately a line of men moved forward. Calvert touched Duke. The animal leaped out of the thicket; the Undersheriff's horse behind him. In the rear, staggered Flatiron Keats.

Possemen were patting the clothing of the two men, in search for arms, as the riders came forward and dismounted. The search revealed no weapons. Flatiron's voice sounded:

"Well, I said I'd get you," he announced.



There was no inflexion to it; only monotonous finality. Leonard Purcell ignored him, as he ignored Calvert. He only looked at the Under-sheriff, and with what was meant for a cynical smile, asked:

"May I put my arms down?"

"Don't let him!" Calvert had leaped forward. There's a lump in that sleeve!"

Instantly men crowded forward, but not quickly enough. Leonard Purcell had shot his right arm swiftly downward, the lump had slid as rapidly into his hand—a card-sharp's trick had worked with a small Derringer pistol, overlooked by men searching for heavy weapons. Purcell's face had contorted. The tiny gun was sliding into his hands now; the man's blazing, dark eyes were centered on Bob Calvert.

The gun came into his grasp, and swiftly rose; Calvert was still three feet away. Suddenly he stopped short and kicked; his boot-toe caught the man's hand. The Derringer flew high in the air. For an instant they tangled, guns faltered in the hands of running men. To shoot one meant shooting another. Then, Purcell leaped free, and leaped for the back of Duke, one heel driving deep into the beast's flank as he mounted. Instantly the horse plunged madly toward the forest.

#### CHAPTER XXIV

**G**UNS spat aimlessly; Leonard Purcell had swung to the far side of the horse; only one bent leg was visible, and men were firing high. The barrel of a rifle appeared at the horse's breast. Purcell was armed again, with the scabbard rifle. The Undersheriff chopped down an arm, and squinted, aiming low.

"Don't!" Calvert begged. "I'll get him." Then he shouted: "Duke! Steady, Duke!"

The magnificent chestnut spread his legs, his head high, his amber mane tossing; it was as if he were graven. Unseated by the sudden stop, Purcell sprawled from the saddle, to roll wildly, grasp the rifle where it had fallen nearby, then rise to his feet. For a split second he faced the posse before heavy barreled guns went into action; through the bulge of smoke from his own revolver, Calvert saw the man sway, his arms flop to his sides, his head sag—his knees doubled and he went to the ground. A dozen bullets had caught him; life had ceased even before running men could reach him. Slowly Flatiron Keats staggered forward, and with his boot, half-pushed, half-kicked what once had been a man. He glanced toward the sprawled, terrified form of Ed Jellicoe. Then with a weak pull at his shoulders, he faced Calvert.

"I guess that cleans us up," he said flatly.

"There's one more," the equestrian answered. "Jason."

The fevered eyes took on a look of half-humor.

"Jason Purcell? You'll find him in the potter's field in Atlanta. He's buried under the name of William Wagner."

"Potter's field?" Calvert gasped. "But what—?"

"Time to get goin', ain't it?" the Undersheriff interrupted. "Maybe this fellow can ride, but we'll have to pack them other two. This here Ed's got a broken leg, and a bullet in his chest."

Flatiron sank to a sitting position.

"You'd better look around that cabin first," he suggested, still taciturn. "There's three thousand dollars in there in a couple of canvas sacks." He rolled his hot eyes toward Calvert. "I might as well do what I can to clean this up. I'm the one who has to stand trial." He laughed queerly. "Never thought of that."

Then he turned and spat toward the motionless form of Leonard Purcell. Calvert and the Undersheriff knelt beside him.

"Suppose you tell us just why you ran these fellows down."

The man's head weaved.

"Nobody can try to kill my elephant and get away with it."

"Then it was Leonard who tried to make

you give Queen Bess the alkali?" Calvert snapped.

Flatiron Keats looked slowly about him. As slowly he rose, eyed the guns which followed him, and floundered toward where Ed lay.

"We'll get where there's somebody who knows as much as I do. He ain't got no love for me—since this mornin'. He'll stop me if there's anything wrong. That right, Ed?"

"To hell with you!" the wounded man answered.

"Friend of mine," said Flatiron jocosely. Suddenly he veered: "Listen! I started this thing to make money, not to fight women. Last fall Jason come down to Atlanta, flying a flag."

"Going under an assumed name," Calvert explained in answer to inquiring eyes. Flatiron went on:

"Will Wagner was his moniker. He'd got hold of a bunch of money—I know where, now. Him and me had a swell time. Then he got drunk and stayed drunk. Leonard came down there."

"To bring him back?"

The man smiled wryly.

"Yeh?" he asked. "I suppose he wanted to go back when he had to live up to what his mother'd made him. He was only a sissy boy—outside. Inside, he had the bowels of a buzzard. They played cards all night. Leonard got his hands on that money. The next day Jason got cut up in a fight. They took him to the county hospital; Leonard let him go; wanted to stay away from any trouble, he said. He had that money; what the hell did he care? We didn't even know Jason was dead, until they'd buried him. Leonard was working overtime in stud games. He'd taken on some fake name, too, to cover up."

"Then he knew cards?" Calvert asked.

"Listen," Flatiron answered. "He practised card tricks on the sly when he was fifteen years old. Used to come in my tent on the Mullins and Hart Show to do it; knew I'd protect him. You wouldn't know anything about that," he said to Ed. There was no answer. The elephant man raised a hand to his swollen arm, and went on: "After Jason's buried, Len talked to me about using a stain on his hand and passing as his brother. It'd give him a chance to get out once in a while for a spree. Next thing I knew, he'd started for the West; all around this country and up into Dakota."

"I was to telegraph him if the folks wanted him. He sent me letters to be mailed from Atlanta. But he got in trouble with you and came back. All he had to do was sweat his hand for a few days with a rubber dam; that stain came out easy enough. We went North together. On the way he put it up to me about getting Ed and Joe to trail the show and do some gambling. It was fine with me; I needed money. I got 'em—they were grifters off the old Pogie O'Brien Circus."

**T**HEN pretty soon I see it was something else. Everywhere we went there was trouble. I kept gettin' into it deeper. Then I find out he's tied up with one of these crooked Sunday School bankers to run the show down and buy the Old Lady's interest in the Mullins and Hart outfit. What could I do? I was in it, wasn't I? What got me tied up tighter was when you showed up and began following the show. He was all set to tear up the show with Queen Bess at Fremont. That would have ended it. I had to take orders then. I was in for it if you nailed him for this Deadwood thing; I knew he'd blab. He was always holding it over me that he'd blab before I could. So I stood for stealing them horses and trying to get you mad enough to leave off hanging around after the show."

"Who cut my leg?" asked Calvert. Flatiron nodded.

"Yeh, blame it on me," gasped the stricken Ed. "He made me do things the same way he made you."

Calvert looked at the man with a sudden

(Continued on page 46)



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(Continued from page 45)

feeling of commiseration. Here lay a badly injured man answering questions when he needed attention, hospitalization. He asked: "Sheriff, is this all right to make these inquiries here?"

"Might not be able to make 'em later."

Calvert knew what he meant. Ed Jellicoe would not live to reach Breckenridge. Calvert eyed the man.

"You helped saw that bridge, too, eh?"

The man blinked in what was meant for affirmation. Flatiron Keats jerked his lips.

"Button, button, who's got the button?" he said with grim humor. "Len had a head on him, if I do have to say it. Like that suit. He gave me the money to buy it. Said it was a bargain. Then, when I bought it, he let out the reason. He wanted to see if you were wise, and if you were, I could prove where I got it and the storekeeper would say it was some fellow with a birthmark. Using me for the dummy, to make everybody think Jason was trailing the show. Well, I wouldn't wear it, at first. But I went a little crazy in North Platte. I wanted to get dressed up, too. Figured nobody knew the suit anyway; nobody'd ever mentioned. But you nailed me. When I seen Ed that night—"

"At North Platte?"

"Yeh, just before the robbery—Len had sent on Ed and Joe to do the job. They were all to meet at this cabin after the show had gone on the rocks and Len had got that Mullins and Hart interest. But you busted that up by not quitting."

Flatiron Keats glared at the panting Jellicoe.

"And I guess I wasn't right when I told you to leave that robbing business alone. But he'd made you think you were a big bandit—shoot Queen Bess, work under cover of the panic, then ride out of town with the money."

"I got it, didn't I?" Jellicoe growled.

"That ain't all you got," answered Flatiron with a cold survey. "But I told you, only you wouldn't listen. I knew Len would hang himself. Get drunk sooner or later; couldn't hold liquor anyway. He began going to pieces the day he came back to North Platte. Sooner than that," he added. "Began getting off trail the night I wouldn't alkali Queen Bess and bust up the show."

"You'd have got your share," panted Ed.

The bullman snorted.

"I didn't want no share after that alkali business. All I wanted was him." He surveyed the crumpled body of Leonard Purcell. "Well, there he is."

After a long time, a group of men started back toward civilization. Three members of the posse walked, that their horses might carry other loads. Two of these were canvas covered

—Ed Jellicoe had joined Leonard Purcell in death. The third horse carried Flatiron Keats, no longer taciturn.

"Guess I'll lose this arm," he said to Calvert, who rode beside him.

"I'm afraid so," the rider answered.

The man pressed his lips.

At last Calvert said: "Flatiron, you know I don't run the show. Connie's the last word. And you've got to face life with only one arm. That's nearly enough, without a prison record. We've got to remember you helped us, terribly. And you talked."

## Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 37)

S	C	R	U	F	F	C	A	P		P	A	L	A	C	E
C	H	O	R	A	L		A	I	R	A	D	O	R	E	R
R	E	I	N		O	A	T	M	E	A	L		P	A	R
A	W	L		D	A	M	E		Y	S	E	R		B	I
P	E		S	U	T	U	R	E		A	S	I	A		S
E	D	U	C	E		R	E	N	T		T	O	U	S	E
		R	O	L	L		D	O	E	S		T	R	Y	
R	A	G	W	E	E	D		S	E	E	S		A	R	G
O	R	E		D	A	I	S		S	T	E	T		I	A
B	E	N	D		K	E	E	N		A	R	R	A	N	G
		C	O	N		D	E	E	P		B	U	N	G	
S	T	Y	L	E	S		R	A	I	L		S	T	A	R
U	R		L	A	T	E		P	L	A	I	T	S		E
P	A	S		T	A	R	E		F	I	N	S		A	L
I	V	E	S		N	E	S	T	E	R	S		E	X	I
N	E	R	E	I	D		A	A	R		E	N	T	I	C
E	L	E	C	T	S		U	P	S		T	O	A	S	T

"Yeh, I'm kind of worn out from it," said the injured man dryly.

Five days later, Meade's Great Western Circus pulled away from the roaring mining camp of Tombstone Peak. Work ceased that miners might say farewell. Horses were shod, axles were greased. Spokes were firm in wagon-wheels—Ortie Whipple had brought a blacksmith and supplies all the way over from Leadville. Ortie was deeply concerned with the present welfare of this show; he had bought out every performance for the next two weeks, rain or shine. And after that, he and his wife, Lalita, Queen of Knife Throwers, would start East, to look over the Mullins and Hart Circus. He had paid a bonus for the right to purchase that third interest.

The last of the roaring farewells faded.

Connie and Bob Calvert dropped farther and farther behind the little show-train. At last the girl asked:

"Have you heard anything more about Flatiron?" she asked.

"Nothing, except what I told you. I think he'll get a suspended sentence. After all, losing an arm for playing an unwilling part as a servant to a snake is fair punishment."

"If he had only let us know what was going on," Connie exclaimed. "But after all, he did help to save us. And Leonard might never have been caught if—Oh, look, Bob!"

They were far rearward. The show-train had reached a tiny pinnacle, one of many on Ten Mile Hill. Now, silhouetted against the sky, the wagons of Meade's Great Western Circus rolled on, one by one, while before them plodded Old Bess, still chirruping in loneliness. But in contrast was a gleaming new buggy, brought over from Leadville, in which rode a woman of much plumage and a man in a silk hat. For two weeks Ortie Whipple was the leaseholder of this aggregation, at an extremely cheap price for one who owned the patents on land where there had been three more gold strikes in the last two days. For merely a dollar a head, he could stand at the front door, in silk hat and flowing cutaway, admitting free all whom he chose; he had paid for capacity houses, and he'd have them.

BECAUSE of this, neither Connie Meade nor Bob Calvert saw the antiquity of the wagons, the faded condition of the paint, nor the scrawniness of the horses.

For them, the circus already was reborn. They had money now—Ortie's celebration had made that possible, to say nothing of the addition of stolen funds, once more in their treasury. There would be a winter of practise and rebuilding. When spring came again, a new show would go forth from this chrysalis, a bright butterfly emerging from an aged, weather-beaten cocoon. There would be more acts. And new ones—such as the double equestrian performance of Connie Meade and Bob Calvert.

There would be a band. And a new name. The Meade and Calvert Combined Shows: Some day, there might be trains to carry it and big cities awaiting its arrival on scheduled dates, with two performances, rain or shine.

Instinctively the man and the girl rode closer to each other, until their stirrup leathers touched. Far ahead, the last of the tiny string of wagons reached the top of the final upraise and seemed to poise there before dipping to the easier grades beyond the summit. Connie Meade reached for Calvert's hand.

"The last hill, Bob," she said.

THE END

# 1933 Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee

(Continued from page 4)

Shooting practice as a preliminary to the Elks National Ninth Annual Trap Shoot at Milwaukee Shooting Club grounds, Lake Park.

10:30 A. M.—Automobile Tour leaving Elks Temple for tour of city and visit to Pabst Brewery.

11:00 A. M.—Annual meeting of Wisconsin State Elks Association at Elks Auditorium.

2:00 P. M.—Conference of District Deputies and Exalted Rulers with Grand Exalted Ruler.

2:00 P. M.—Baseball—Milwaukee vs. Toledo.

4:00 P. M.—Reception by Governor Albert G. Schmedeman and Mayor Daniel W. Hoan for Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Official Family at the Blue Mound Country Club, Wauwatosa.

4:00 P. M.—Automobile Tour leaving Elks Temple for Zoological Gardens and Industrial Plants.

8:00 P. M.—Official Public Grand Lodge Session in the Milwaukee Auditorium, celebrating the opening of the Sixty-ninth Na-

tional Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, under direction of Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler.

9:00 P. M.—Elks Roundup and Frolic—Juneau Park.

10:00 P. M.—Public Reception to the Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Grand Lodge Officers at the Schroeder Hotel.

Tuesday—July 18th

8:00 A. M.—Inauguration of Elks Ninth Annual National Trap Shoot at Milwaukee Shooting Club, Lake Park.

8:00 A. M.—Continuation of Elks Fifth National Golf Tournament at Country Clubs. Eighteen holes, medal play at handicap.

9:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Registration will be continued at Schroeder Hotel and Registration of visiting Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters at Elks Temple.

9:30 A. M.—Escort Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Grand Lodge

Officers, from Schroeder Hotel to Milwaukee Auditorium.

10:00 A. M.—First Business Session of the Grand Lodge—Milwaukee Auditorium.

10:30 A. M.—Automobile Tour leaving Elks Temple for tour of city and visit to Schlitz Brewery.

2:00 P. M.—Reception and entertainment at Elks Temple in honor of ladies attending the Convention.

2:00 P. M.—Conference of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries with Grand Exalted Ruler-elect.

2:00 P. M.—Baseball—Milwaukee vs. Toledo.

3:00 P. M.—Elks National Ritualistic Contest at Elks Auditorium.

4:00 P. M.—Automobile Tour leaving Elks Temple for Zoological Gardens and Industrial Plants.

5:00 P. M.—Reception to Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Official Party on Falk's Yacht—Milwaukee Yacht Club.



7:30 P. M.—International Folk Dancers at Juneau Park.  
 8:00 P. M.—Milwaukee Elks Chorus and Concert—Juneau Park.  
 9:00 P. M.—The Elks Purple Bubble Ball at Milwaukee Auditorium, Testimonial to Hon. Floyd E. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson.  
 10:00 P. M.—Fireworks at Juneau Park.

### Wednesday—July 19th

8:00 A. M.—Finals of Elks National Golf Tournament at leading Country Clubs.  
 8:00 A. M.—Elks National Trap Shooting Tournament at Milwaukee Shooting Club grounds, Lake Park.  
 9:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Registration at Schroeder Hotel and enrollment of visiting Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters, at Elks Temple.  
 9:00 A. M.—Elks National Drill contests at Lake Park Stadium.  
 10:00 A. M.—Grand Lodge Business Session at Milwaukee Auditorium.  
 10:30 A. M.—Automobile Tour leaving Elks Temple for tour of city and visit to Blatz Brewery.  
 11:00 A. M.—Elks National Band Contests at Lake Park Bandstand.  
 12:00 Noon—Wisconsin Day Elks Homecoming at Waukesha Beach, Lake Pewaukee, an afternoon of diversion, merry-making, conviviality, interspersed with swimming, games, rides, contests, dancing lunch and entertainment. By interurban from Elks Temple visiting Waukesha Lodge of Elks, No. 400, on tour. For all visiting Elks and their ladies.  
 2:00 P. M.—Grand Lodge Business Session at Milwaukee Auditorium.  
 2:00 P. M.—Baseball — Milwaukee vs. Toledo.  
 7:00 P. M.—The Milwaukee Industrial Parade, terminating in Juneau Park. Reviewed by Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Official Party.  
 8:00 P. M.—Private dancing party for all Uniformed Bodies, Bands and Drill Teams, and their ladies, attending the Convention—Elks Auditorium.  
 9:00 P. M.—Civic Symposium on Lake Front in Juneau Park. Costume prizes for the best patriotic and comedy assemblage.  
 9:30 P. M.—Elks Roundup and Frolic—Juneau Park.  
 10:00 P. M.—Civic Fireworks—Juneau Park.

### Thursday—July 20th

10:00 A. M.—Boat ride for Elk Ladies on Lake Michigan. Luncheon and entertainment.  
 10:00 A. M.—Final Grand Lodge Business Session at Milwaukee Auditorium. Installation of Officers.  
 2:00 P. M.—Baseball — Milwaukee vs. Toledo.  
 4:00 P. M.—The Elks National Grand Lodge Parade on West Wisconsin Avenue, terminating in Juneau Park for review by Hon. Floyd E. Thompson and the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect.  
 7:00 P. M.—Band Concert by the combined Elks Band of visiting Lodges—Juneau Park.  
 9:30 P. M.—Elks Roundup and Frolic—Juneau Park.  
 10:00 P. M.—Civic Fireworks—Juneau Park.

### Friday—July 21st

#### World's Fair Day—Chicago

Special trains and Lake Michigan steamer service leaving Milwaukee for Chicago and A Century of Progress Special Elks Day program at Arts and Science Building.

Reception and "Auf Wiedersehn" at the Wisconsin Building at 4 P. M.

### NOTE

The Band Contest Committee has changed the marking basis, announced last month, as follows:

- |  |           |
|--|-----------|
| A. Uniform and general appearance..... | 10 points |
| B. Instrumentation.....                | 10 points |
| C. Conducting.....                     | 15 points |
| D. Interpretation and Expression.....  | 20 points |
| E. Articulation and intonation.....    | 20 points |
| F. Ensemble and general effect.....    | 25 points |

THE CONVENTION COMMITTEE.

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Here is a book that Bridge lovers have been waiting for. Consider the following facts and decide whether you do not owe it to yourself (and your favorite partner) to own this unusual volume. First of all, this is the only authoritative book on the Play of the Hand—simple—complete—interesting. It is applicable alike to Contract and Auction and to every system of bidding. Much attention has been focused on bidding, which is important; but it is the play of the cards that determines the score. This new book enables you to learn the proper way to win the most tricks after the bidding contract is reached.

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This book completely describes the Play of Declarer at a Suit Declaration and at a No Trump Declaration, the Play of the Adversaries, Third Hand's play to the Opening Lead, End Plays, Elimination Plays, Strategic Leads in every situation, the Rule of Eleven, the art of finessing, and in fact, everything you need to know about play.

Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay, Bridge Editor of the Elks Magazine, says: "Mr. Edward C. Wolfe, the author of this book, is a National Champion and the greatest lecturer on the play of the cards in America. There has been a crying need for an authoritative book on play. In my opinion, this book is worth hundreds of dollars to any Bridge player who is willing to read the book and absorb the principles involved. It is astoundingly simple, considering the subject, and will be just as good fifty years from now as it is at the present time."

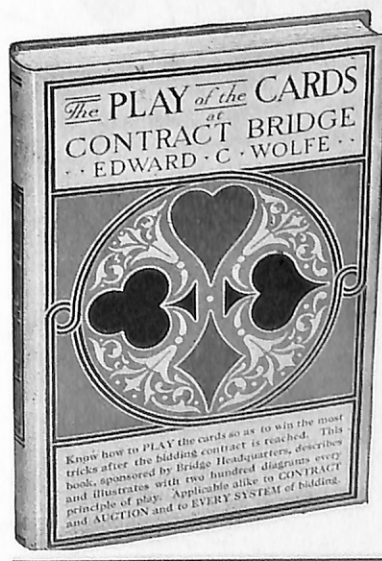
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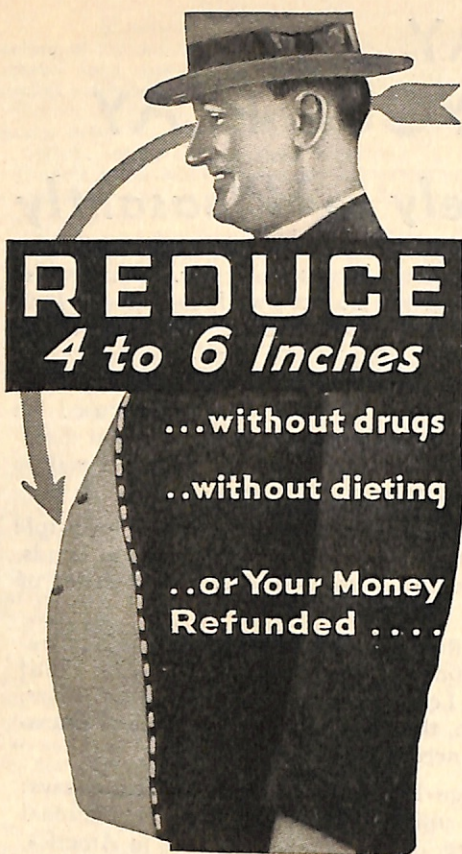
Name.....

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## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)



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(Signed) R. A. LOWELL  
Physician and Surgeon

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## Improve Your Appearance

This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

## Restore Your Vigor

"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

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evening a dinner was given with musical entertainment and the assembly was addressed by Hon. Russell Price, City Manager of Hamilton, who welcomed the visitors; and Hon. George White, Governor of Ohio. Later there was a business session in the Lodge room during which the ladies were entertained at a theatre party and the day wound up with an informal dance in the Elks' ball room. Sunday morning was again devoted to Lodge session during which the Lodge members were addressed by Hon. James S. Richardson, Grand Trustee, on the subject of Lodge problems. A meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association followed the session and then all adjourned to luncheon at the beautiful Elks' Country Club. A large gallery watched the playing of the Ohio Elks' Golf Championship Tournament in the afternoon while some of the ladies were entertained at cards. At five o'clock all gathered for the closing festivity, an informal party with dancing.

## California

President Horace H. Quinby, of the California State Elks Association, paid his official visit to the Elks Lodges throughout the west central district some weeks ago, when over three hundred Elks assembled in the Home of Salinas Lodge, No. 614. Salinas Lodge was host to the large assembly, with delegations in attendance from the Lodges at Santa Maria, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, Hollister, Gilroy, San Jose and Palo Alto. Accompanying President Quinby on his visit to Salinas were Lloyd A. Foster, Vice-President of the Association; George M. Smith, Trustee; Elmer Dowdy, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, and F. E. Dayton of Salinas, junior Past President of the Association.

A brief Lodge session was conducted early in the evening, and an impressive address on the work of the Elks organization throughout the State was given by the visiting official.

Talks were also made by the other visitors. The evening was featured by a special program of entertainment presented by a group of artists from the National Broadcasting Company, and a buffet supper was served.

## Scheduled Meetings

The following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the place and on the dates named below:

California—at Long Beach, September 21-22-23.

Colorado—at Boulder, August 28-29.

Connecticut—at New Haven, June 6th.

Idaho—at Yellowstone National Park, date undecided.

Illinois—at Streator, June 8-9-10.

Indiana—at Michigan City, June 14-15-16.

Iowa—at Shenandoah in September.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia—at Frederick, August 15-16-17.

Massachusetts—at Greenfield, June 11-12-13.

Michigan—at Lansing, June 10-11-12.

Minnesota—at Rochester, August 6-7-8.

Mississippi—at Jackson, June 6-7.

Montana—at Dillon, August 17-18-19.

Nevada—at Elko, in late August or early September.

New Jersey—at Newark, June 15-16-17.

New York—at Rochester, June 4-5-6-7.

North Dakota—at Williston, in June.

Ohio—at Cedar Point, August 27-28-29-30-31, September 1.

Oklahoma—at El Reno, September 4-5-6.

Pennsylvania—at Altoona, August 21-22-23-24.

South Carolina—at Columbia, in June.

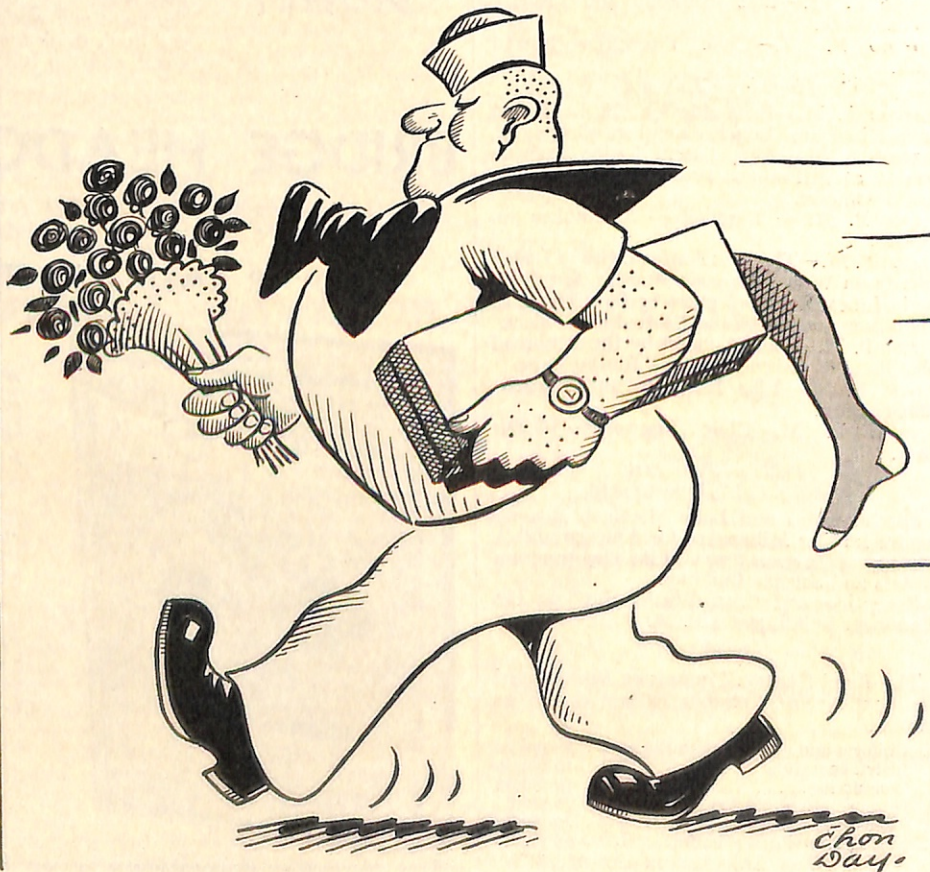
South Dakota—at Watertown, June 4-5.

Vermont—at Burlington, October 1.

Virginia—at Lynchburg, August 7-8.

Washington—at Everett, July 28-29-30.

Wisconsin—at Milwaukee, July 17.



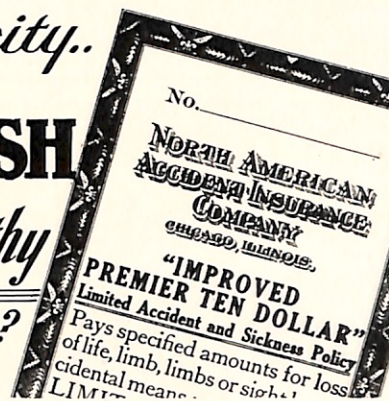




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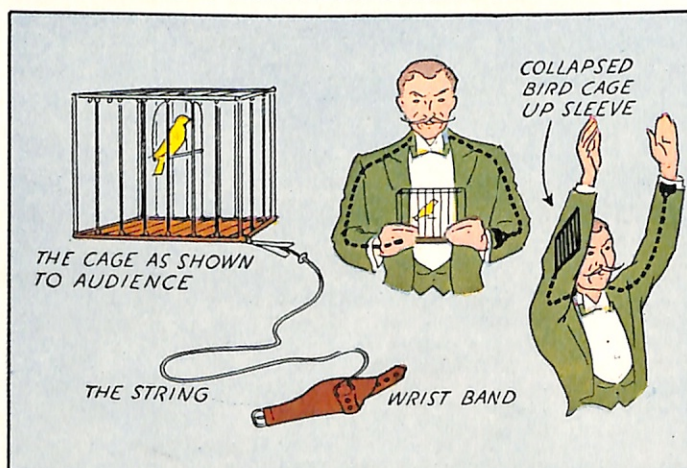
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